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**CLICK! #0 / PAINFUL EXCURSIONS #11**



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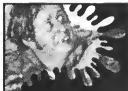
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- SP013 **Shock After Shock** by Reginald Bloom (28 pages) S3  
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**PUBLICATIONS**

- SP101 **Painful Excursions Volume One, Number Eight** Out of Print
- SP102 **Painful Excursions Volume One, Number Nine** (8½" x 11"; 24 pages) S3  
"The Journal for Splatterpunk and Hardcore Trash Fiends" returns from a two-year hiatus, bringing you even more indepth coverage of genre films. Articles include "Mail-Order Madness—Picking the Pros and Avoiding the Cons" and "Cinematic Geeking—Animal Cruelty in the Splatter Film". Limited supplies.



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1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

MAD CREATURES OF THE NIGHT EXISTING  
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# CLICK!

horror splatter exploitation

Up From the Depths Editorial Page 2  
More ranting and raving from yours truly.

The Video Vault Film Reviews Page 3  
Kicking up the dust on such luminary films as L'Altro Inferno, Amityville Dollhouse, Andy Warhol's Bad, The Axe, Blood Orgy of the Sho-Devi, Bloody Friday, Cannibal! The Musical, Death Row Diner, The Deathhead Virgin, Geek Maggot Bingo, Hardcore, Horror House on Highway Five, Jacko Lantern, La Maldición de la Bestia, The Meateater, Point of Terror, San Francisco Ball, Le Semana del Asasino, La Síndrome di Stendhal, Sometimes Aunt Martha Does Dreadful Things, Spawn of the Slithis, Suiiso Homu, Things, and Zoltan... Hound of Dracula.

The Films of Andy Milligan Retrospective Page 16  
A brief look at the works of the Ghastly One himself!

El Labirinto de las Muerte Ciego Puzzle Page 21

How To Make a Kick-Ass Horror Film Article Page 22  
You got any better tips?

Have You Seen This Film? Page 32  
We can only hope.

Next Issue Page 32  
Unless, of course, we change our minds between now and then.

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**CLICK!** would again like to thank family and friends who have helped to support this magazine over the years. It's been a long time coming.

**CLICK!** would *still* like to extend a "fuck you" to H.A. (Alan) Hale of All Horror Video, and similar epithets to Hart D. Fisher, Publisher of Boneyard Press and Editor of Verotik. We're still waiting for our goddamn check, you dirtbag. You only got to where you are now by taking advantage of naive people like ourselves. ("A person's only as good as their word," a wise man once told me; isn't that right, Hart?)

# UP FROM THE DEPTHS

by Scott Stine

*The following is a copy of my original Editorial (Circa 9/96):*

Howdy, folks. Big changes here on the homefront, as even the most microcephalic-ridden individuals can't help but notice. A new moniker (catchy, ain't it?) is by far the most obvious development, as is the new numbering (at which we now stand at ground zero). More subtle changes include improvements made on the new format established with our groundbreaking **PAINFUL EXCURSIONS** #10. (Maybe "groundbreaking" is too intense a term, but cut us some slack—it was the first issue we stepped away from the "xeroxazine" format and succeeded in reaching a nationwide audience.) We've also scrapped (for the time being, anyway) some of our "columns" so as to make room for more reviews and extensive filmographies. (If this doesn't strike you as a very good move on our parts, write us and let us know. We need your input.)

Format aside, our focus has broadened slightly as well. (This evolution has actually been a gradual process over the last few years, but this is the first issue to actually redefine the borders set back in 1986.) **PAINFUL EXCURSIONS** has been aimed primarily at splatterpunk if only because it rarely strayed from my own cinematic leanings. The magazine has always been a reflection of what interests me, and no other agendas have influenced this. As my tastes broadened beyond the vague definitions of the gore film, I incorporated these interests into the publication. As more recent splatter films (big-budget Hollywood fodder and homegrown shot-on-video fare alike) fail to impress, interest, or amuse me, I find myself looking more towards trashy films from the 60's and 70's. (Granted, most of these are horror, and many are easily defined as splatter films, but I no longer feel obligated to review or cover them solely on their bloodied merits.)

Of course, my partner in crime (co-publisher and contributing writer Larry Schemel) had something to do with this. Even though the material I covered was edging towards trashier fare, I still felt inclined to focus specifically on the splatter genre—especially since too few magazines did just that. It was Mr. Schemel's initial vigor which reminded me why I was doing this in the first place. Money. (Hey, I'm joking, of course. You think I live off of Top Ramen because I like it? C'mon...) I've published **PAINFUL EXCURSIONS** for ten+ years because I enjoy it. Genre films are one of the only pleasant respites I've found in life, and I want to wallow in their undiluted filth. Maybe I'm a bonafide loser, but I am not ashamed about wanting to give credit where credit's due. I've published each and every issue knowing full well that I won't break even; my only worries are that I reach my intended audience and improve upon what I did the previous issue. (The latter improvements are self-evident, but reaching my intended audience has been a severely difficult task; most of the early issues were sold almost entirely to family, friends, and short-lived acquaintances who gave the perfunctory alms out of pittance.)

Bloodied and bruised, I've kept going; my partner, on the other hand, may have been expecting a much nicer welcome from the publishing world. Three days after **PAINFUL EXCURSIONS** #10 was pressed, we loaded up his car and headed out to the big city (Seattle) to unload a couple hundred copies on unsuspecting retail outlets. Unsuspecting, they were. Unfortunately, it was a Sunday (the only free day we share during the week thanks to our jobs), and none of the buyers or owners of the many establishments we visited were there that day. With resounding optimism we took a couple hundred copies with us, out of our numerous stops, we managed to unload a meager ten copies—on consignment, no less. (Ironically, this was our first stop in the all day excursion.) By mid-day, we were browbeaten; I seemed to be taking it better if only because I vented my frustration at our weak "coming out" by acting quite misanthropic towards anyone who dared to enter the path of my partner's car. (Larry might've considered doing the same, but after seeing how downright ugly I'd become in a few short hours, he kept his despondency to himself. Good thing too because he was the one behind the wheel.) On the way back to my place, we stopped at a pawn shop I'd been meaning to check out for some time and—being the only high point of the entire day—scored on a copy of *Curse of the Headless Horseman* (1971) for five bucks. (Having been unaware that this rarity had ever been released on video, I was

# The VIDEO VAULT

by Scott Stine

Film reviews are accompanied by extensive credits and outlined accordingly:

Original title of film [Translations, if necessary] (Year of production)

Production company or, if unknown, distributor [Country of origin]

DIR=Director/s, PRO=Producer/s, SCR=Screenwriter/s [and—if applicable—availability of source material and/or movie novelization and author], DOP=Director/s of Photography, EXP=Executive Producer/s, ART=Art Director/s, AST=Assistant Director/s, EFX=Special Effects [Make-Up, Mechanical, Stop-Animation, and Visual], MUS=Music Composer [and—if applicable—availability of soundtrack and record label, if known], and STR=Cast

AKA=Alternate title/s [Translations, if necessary] (In case of altered variations where additional footage is added, original years of productions are given as well)

Approximate running time: Color and/or Black & White [3-D, if applicable, or if it was "shot on video"]

AOV=Availability on videocassette and title of release [Video company (format of tape if *not* NTSC); printed running time of print; language of print and subtitles; widescreen letterboxing, if available; and, if applicable, if the video contains a "double-bill" or "triple-bill" feature] (When the running time of a particular videocassette is erroneously cited on the box or label, the actual running time of the print it contains is noted in parenthesis following the listed time)

Some of the titles will also be accompanied by less technical information regarding a film, including ADL=Adlines/blurs used in advertisements, PUB=Various promotional and publicity gimmicks, various "Warnings" as to whether a film contains scenes of animal cruelty, slaughterhouse footage, or actual surgery footage, etc. Also, some credits are followed by a footnote when further clarification concerning the given information might be in order.

And, not to forget the hardcore splatterpunk, I have issued certain films a "hardcore" rating (delineated by a "\*\*\*" at the end of the review). These are included solely for those indiscriminate individuals who are only looking for the goriest fare, and don't want to mess around with only reasonably bloody outings. As far as carnage is concerned, these are the cream of the crop. (It doesn't mean they're any *good*, though. They're just nastier than their peers.)

## Altro Inferno, L' [The Other Hell] (1980)

Cinemet Produzione [Italy/Spain]

DIR. Bruno Mattei

SCR. Claudio Fracasso

DOP: Giuseppe Berardini

AST: Maurizio Tanfani

EFX: Giuseppe Ferranti [Make-Up]

MUS. Goblin\*

STR. Andrea Aureli, Francesca Carmeno, Carlo de Mejo, Susan Forget, Franco Garofalo, Paola Montecro, Daniela Samuelli, and Franca Stoppi

Approximately 88m, Color

AOV: The Other Hell [Lettuce Entertain You, Inc.; 90(88)m]

The Other Hell [Redemption Video (PAL); 84m]

The Other Hell [Vestron Video; 88m]

ADL: *Say your prayers.*

\* It has been cited that the soundtrack by Goblin was lifted from the film Buio Omega [Dark Holocaust] (1979), but I have found that—at least in regards to the US prints—this is not the case.

# I. Altro Inferno continued

This pleasant little film opens with a nosy nun discovering a hidden laboratory within the convent, and not only does it contain insurmountable mounds of skulls, but one of her sisters dead on a slab, naked save for her habit. (They just *had* to leave the habit on.) And just when you think "it doesn't get much better than this", another of her order enters stage right and cuts out the dead girl's uterus, all the while raving maniacally about "the Devil's tool". ("The first thing to do when embalming a simple nun is to cleanse her evil, starting... there! That's the place! The evil starts there... between her legs. The genitals are the door to *evil*!") She takes a breather from her post-mortem surgery to introduce her uninvited guest to the preserved remains of the Mother Superior, and before the girl can say "Mother may I?" she is dutifully stabbed to death by the unhinged nun. All of this in the first five minutes, accompanied by the sounds of Italy's premiere rock-horror composers Goblin. Unfortunately—much like Argento's *Suspiria* (1977), another film that the aforementioned band was involved

with—*L'Altro Inferno* rarely surpasses the initial momentum, and actually gets a little sluggish once the formula is established.

There's also the perfunctory stigmata, lots of maggots, zombies, some giallo-like trappings, and some wonderfully surreal contrivances. The attic in the convent is not only filled with cobwebs but also an array of child-sized mannequins hanging by nooses. (I guess the set designer got bored one day during shooting and thought "hey... I know what would look cool!") The hooky-pooky ending (and some very amateurish burn make-up) does deter from what should have been a very satisfying wrap-up (as far as exploitation/horror films go), but it's still a fun little jaunt regardless.

A film just doesn't get any more Italian than this.

## Mike says >>

Haven't seen this one in a long time, but it's got nuns, so I must've liked it.

# Amityville Dollhouse (1996)

Spectacor Films [USA]

DIR: Steve White

PRO: Zane W. Levitt, Steve White and Mark Yellen

SCR: Joshua Michael Stern

DOP: Tom Callaway

EXP: David Newton

AST: Eddie Ziv

EFX: Roy Kayrim and Jerry Macaluso [Make-Up]

MUS: Ray Colcord

STR: Starr Andreoff, Allen Cutler, Rachel Duncan, Lenore Kasdorf, Lisa Robin Kelly, Jarrett Lennon, Clayton Murray, Franc Ross, and Robin Thomas

Approximately 97m: Color

AOV: Amityville Dollhouse [Republic Pictures Home Video; 97m]

ADL: *Evil Never Dies*.

A *dollhouse*? Well... after a possessed lamp, clock and mirror, this *almost* makes sense.

A dysfunctional Brady Bunch moves into a new house in the desert. Much to their chagrin, it comes with—you guessed it—a dollhouse that bears an uncanny resemblance to everyone's favorite hoax. Walls bleed, appliances explode, swarms of insects dive-bomb the inhabitants... the usual ballyhoo. Having flogged these Amityville trademarks for all they're worth, the scriptwriter decided to tactfully borrow from other possession-oriented blockbusters, namely *The Exorcist* (1973) and *Poltergeist* (1982). (These swipes include a doll who thinks it's Linda Blair—Christ, even the *dollhouse* does the spinning head thing—and *Poltergeist*'s TV gimmick, here recreated with a fireplace.)

But wait... there's more. Just in case the viewer had gotten tired of *these* stand-bys, we're offered a biker occultist who likes to sing the "Banana Banana Fofana" song, wasp-vision, erotic dishwashing, a neon pentagram, rubber demons who go "ookookook", a crucifixion accompanied by orchestral hits, and the threat of brown leaves. A sex scene culminates with the awkward exchange of "Am I doing this right?" "I don't know," and you can't help but think this kind of sums up the film itself. (Taken in this context, I know the answer, and it ain't "yes".) And—crime of all crimes—there's no gore. (At least the other crappy sequels threw in *some* red stuff to compensate for the lame shocks.)

About as spooky as a dresser drawer eating one's socks, maybe less.

**Andy Warhol's Bad (1977)**

New World Pictures [USA]

DIR: Jed Johnson

PRO: Jeff Tornberg

SCR: George Abagnale and Pat Hackett

DOP: Alan Metzger

EXP: Fred Hughes

ART: Eugene Rudolf

AST: Bob Colesberry

MUS: Mike Bloomfield

STR: Barbara Allen, Matthew Anton, Carroll Baker, Susan Blond, Mary Boylan, Kitty Bruce, Stefania Casini, Richard Cummings, John Dunn, Michael Forella, Jane Forth, Cyndia Foxe, Tito Goya, Robert Hodges, Tamara Horrocks, Barbara Hunt, Ruth Jaroslow, Perry King, Joe Lambie, Susan Landau, Charles McGregor, Gordon Ons-Heim, Renec Paris, Brigid Polk, Tom Quinn, Matthew Reich, Jerry Rosenberg, Cathy Roskam, Geraldine Smith, Maria Smith, John Starke, Michael Sullivan, Tere Terreba, Lawrence Tierney, Susan Tyrrell, Vasco Valladares, Pat Way, and Charles Welch

Approximately 107m; Color

AOV: Andy Warhol's Bad [Embassy Home Entertainment; 107m]

ADL: *A picture with something to offend absolutely everybody.*

Since director Jed Johnson just died last year in a plane crash (don't expect me to remember which one), I thought I'd take the time to honor him by reviewing his swansong, and what is undoubtedly his finest accomplishment. (Okay... so I have no clue if he actually directed anything else, but with such a fine film to his credit, who cares?)

Andy Warhol's Bad is an utterly tasteless black comedy that brings to mind what John Water's might have done if he decided to cut the camp and play it straight around the time of Desperate Living. Don't believe me? Carroll Baker runs an electrolysis business that is actually a front for a group of female "hitmen" who will do just about anything if the money's right. One is hired to kill a lady's unwanted baby, but the desperate mother decides—at the very last minute—to save herself some money and do the job herself by throwing the tike out of a five-story window. Another customer wants revenge against her neighbor (Lawrence Tierney) who had made rude comments about her flabby thighs, so she hires

a white trash take on the Doublemint twins to waste the ex-cop's beloved dog. Things go from manageable to out of control, though, when Perry King (a Dallesandro-type stud) takes up a room in Baker's establishment and accepts the job of killing a rich couple's autistic son to cover his rent. Also on hand for the fun is Susan Tyrrell (in one of the most unexpected roles of her career) and Stefania Casini (from Argento's *Suspiria*). Without a single, sympathetic character in the bunch, most people probably won't get a whole lot of enjoyment out of watching this film. (If you're like me, though...)

Gore? Yah, there's some. Besides the baby-toss mentioned earlier, there's also a pretty disturbing scene involving a lift in an auto repair shop and an unfortunate mechanic's vulnerable legs. Even without the over-the-top mayhem of Andy Warhol's *Dracula* and *Frankenstein*, splatterpunks will get a kick out of the overall nastiness Warhol's troupe offers the unwary viewer. (If you're like me, that is.)

**Axe The (1977)**

Childs Associates Films Ltd./Frederick Productions [USA]

DIR: Frederick R. Friedel

PRO: J.G. Patterson, Jr.

SCR: Frederick R. Friedel

DOP: Austin McKinney

EXP: Irwin Friedlander

MUS: George Newman Shaw and John Willhelm

STR: Suzy Bertoni, Lynne Bradley, Jack Canon, Don Cummins, Frederick R. Friedel, Ray Green, David Hayman, Frank Jones, Graddie Lane, Leslie Lee, Jeff MacKay, Carol Miller, Douglas Powers, Jacqueline Pyle, George Newman Shaw, Hart Smith, Beverly Watterson, and Ronald Watterson

AKA: Axe

The Axe Murders

California Axe Massacre

**The Axe continued**

AKA: Lisa

Approximately 66m; Color

AOV: Axe [Best Film &amp; Video, 66m; Double-bill w/A Scream in the Streets]

The Axe [Continental Video; 66m]

The Axe [SW Video; 66m]

California Axe Massacre [Malibu Video; 75(66)m]

California Axe Massacre [Wizard Video; 66m]

ADL: Total terror--you'll be scared to breath..!

"Three killers lurk in a secluded home waiting for their victims to return. After torturing the couple and killing the young husband, they flee to an isolated old house. Their nightmare begins when the hysterical wife follows them to their hideout and begins to slowly get her revenge... with a well-sharpened axe!"

Once again, the publicity department for the video company (Best Film & Video, in this case) didn't even bother to *watch* the film before writing a synopsis for the back of the box. First and foremost, the "couple" is comprised of two gay men, and the one they don't kill throws *himself* to his death immediately thereafter. The "isolated" farmhouse is owned by a girl and her wheelchair-bound father, *she* being the one to exact revenge after the killers torment and abuse the two for several days, not the nonexistent wife.

The Axe (Articles can make a world of difference, you know?) is typically brutal 70's trash that boasts just enough character development and inspired directorial touches to keep things interesting. Director Friedel made a similar (but much more obscure) effort, *Date with a Kidnapper* (1978), which--despite the lack of gore--will still be

found endearing to fans of this effort. (What's most puzzling, though, is how hard this film is to find, considering the fact it has been released on video no less than five times in the US alone. *Date with a Kidnapper* suffers the same odd fate.) The gore here is nothing too substantial either, but the film itself should be of some interest to splatterpunks who like reveling in 70's filth.

And, yes, it was produced by the director of *The Body Shop* (1974) (aka Dr. Gore and Dr. Gore's Body Shop), and who was the same man also responsible for the wonderfully high-tech make-up effects which graced many an H.G. Lewis film. (Do I sound facetious?)

**Mike says »**

With a few cuts, this crappy flick could've passed as a made-for-TV melodrama. Despite some intentional humor early on (and a really cool gore sound effect made when the axe murderess goes about cutting off one of the thug's limbs), *The Axe* suffers greatly from bad acting and mostly offscreen gore.

*And it's boring.*

**Blood-Orgy of the She-Devils (1973)**

Gemini [USA]

DIR: Ted V. Mikels

PRO: Ted V. Mikels

SCR: Ted V. Mikels

DOP: Anthony Salinas

AST: Joel Classen

EFX: Lee James

EFX: Van der Veer Photo [Visual]

MUS: Carl Zittler

STR: William Bagdad, Vincent Barbi, Dallas Beardsley, Annik Borel, Erica Campbell, Chris Capen, Al Esbjorn, Jeff Goodman, Carla Green, Linn Henson, Victor Izay, Laine Karlos, Kebrina Kincade, Brett Marriott, Curt Matson, Lillian McBride, Leslie McRae, Ray Myles, John Nicolai, Tom Pace, John Ricco, Sam Scar, Sean Shanmunday, Lister Shaw, Kim Sudol, Augie Treibach, Sherri Vernon, George Wilhelm, John Willard, Paul Wilmoth, and Lila Zaborin

Approximately 79m; Color

AOV: Blood Orgy of the She-Devils [Western World Video; 73m]

Female Plasma Suckers [Video label unknown, 79m]

A leader of a cannibalistic, go-go dancing coven is offered thirty-thousand bucks to kill a rival

gang's boss, but after all is said and done, they pay her (and two of her followers) for her troubles with a



**Blood-Orgy of the She-Devils continued**

chest full of lead. The murdered witch is reincarnated as a black cat, while her two servants have to settle with coming back as zombies. During all of this, an easily swayed skeptic and his girlfriend consult an "expert". While these three babble on endlessly about the validity of paranormal claims throughout history, the witch is all over the place kicking ass.

Lots of unconvincing booky pooky (during one seance, the lead witch channels an American Indian guru who never got past Hollywood-style Pidgin English 101), a cheesy electronic score, lots of "psychedelic" optical effects, and a slough of unemployed go-go dancers strutting their tired stuff. And to cap it all off, we're treated to a finale that is reminiscent of when Allen Ginsberg and some of his less-than-bright hippie-yippie cronies tried to levitate the Pentagon.

Surprisingly, a number of sources cite this film as a gorefest, but—save for the wonderfully contrived title—there is almost no gore to be found. The viewer is offered little more than a glimpse of a leg cooking over an open fire, and some lame witchburning/torture dungeon flashbacks. (The print I could *may* have been trimmed of its finer points, but I wouldn't lay any bets on it. More than likely, none of these critics never got past the first fifteen

minutes. Christ, I had a hard time sitting through it in its entirety, and I like Mikels' films.)

As could be expected from a Ted V. Mikels film, *Blood Orgy of the She-Devils*, well, sucks... but—in this case, anyway—not enough to make it watchable. Production values are a step up from *Astro-Zombies* (1968) and *The Corpse Grinders* (1971), but it lacks most of the inept charm and outrageous contrivances that makes these earlier films worth owning. (Sometimes "better" isn't.)

**Mike says »**

*Blood Orgy of the She-Devils* (which I saw under the title *Female Plasma Suckers*) is an okay witchcraft flick which I recommend despite all of its faults. The plot itself isn't bad, but scenes like the Salem witch trial flashback (villagers decked out in late 60's/early 70's fashion dragging a witch up some stone sets that sounded awfully wooden) take away from this. (The cheesy lighting and LSD-inspired special effects don't help either.) Worst of all, there was *no* plasma sucking. None, zip, zilch. If you're going to retitile a film *Female Plasma Suckers*, make sure there's some plasma sucking in it for Christ's sake.

**Bloody Friday (1985)**

Sebastian Films Limited [USA]

DIR: Beverly Sebastian and Ferdinand Sebastian

PRO: Beverly Sebastian and Ferdinand Sebastian

SCR: Ann Cawthorne

DOP: Ferdinand Sebastian and Ferdinand Sebastian III

STR: Ed Blessington, Wayne Dvork, Robyn Hilton, Chéri Howell, Jean Marie Ingels, Victor Izay, Claudia Jennings, Jason Ledger, Greg Mullavey, Albert Popwell, Joan Prather, and Mercy Rooney

Approximately 81m; Color

AOV: *Bloody Friday* [Sebastian International Enterprises; 81m]

ADL: The weekend is just beginning!

A group of desperate people attend a "liberation seminar" (i.e. a threadbare excuse to feel each other up in the name of pop psychology) on an island retreat. Of course, there's a psychopath in their midst, hence the coverage of this film herein, but—to my chagrin, anyway—the cavorting and frothing takes up time that would be better spent killing off the island's inhabitants. (The film opens on a promising note with a spear-gun to the gut; ironically, this is the January Playmate mentioned on the back of the box, onscreen and completely clothed for all of fifteen seconds. From there it's all downhill as it takes a full hour for someone to discover her body, whereupon the murders finally resume.)

Surprisingly—despite the initial stereotypes—there is actually some character development and

interaction that almost passes for interesting, although this is all thrown out the window once the predictable killing spree ensues during the latter third of the film. (I'd like to think that the strong characterization is due in part to the female involvement behind *Bloody Friday*; on the flipside, exploitation junkies who would otherwise be drawn to this will probably blame the selfsame individuals for the lack of nudity and cheap thrills. I can deal with—even appreciate—these priorities, but the sappy ending *has* to go.)

There is just enough gore to get by with, and some odd, extremely jumpy editing that almost works to its advantage, but *Bloody Friday's* real charms lie in its dated 70's feel. (The print purports it to be a mid-80's production, but I have my reasons

**Bloody Friday continued**

to believe otherwise. Maybe it's the conspicuous abundance of bellbottoms. I don't know.)

**Mike says »**

Bloody Friday was a fairly good murder mystery, filled with the usual monotone deliveries and obligatory nudity. Surprisingly, though, this movie contained more humor than most... both intentional and un-intentional. (I'm not quite sure

where the scene with the obviously rubber bats falls.) What didn't help the movie was the very mild, mostly offscreen gore, and the fact that the arrest of the killer was never actually shown. Admittedly, I didn't figure out who the killer was until it was too late, but this I blame on Mr. Stine, clouding my mind with all of the really bad movies he insists on reviewing for this magazine. (Suffer, bitch. *The Editor*.)

I also loved the title song, but this may or may not say something about my musical tastes.

**Cannibal! The Musical (1993)**

The Avenging Conscience Inc./Cannibal Films Ltd. [USA]

DIR: Trey Parker

PRO: Ian Hardin, Alexandra Kelly, Jason McHugh, Trey Parker, and Matthew Stone

SCR: Trey Parker

DOP: Chris Graves and Robert Muratore

EXP: Alexandra Kelly, Andrew Kemler, and Jason McHugh

ART: Nathan Galie

AST: Alexandra Kelly

EFX: Tim Drnee

MUS: Trey Parker and Rich Sanders

STR: Kevin Allen, Dian Bachar, Stephen Blackpool, Stan Brakhage, Dan Brother, Duster, Brad Gordon, Dave Hardin, Ian Hardin, Jon Hegel, Edward Henwood, Andrew Kemler, Steve Jackson, Junichi, M. K., Jessica James Kelly, Marty Leeper, Maseo Maki, Dirk Martin, Jason McHugh, Joe McHugh, Robert Muratore, Randy Parker, Juan Schwartz, Carter Smith, Matthew Stone, Aubrey Strafford, Edith Swanson, Cole Taylor, Tomomi, Toddy Walters, Mark Welby, and Don Yannacito

AKA: Alfred Packer—The Musical

Approximately 105m; Color

AOV: Alfred Packer—The Musical [Screen Edge (PAL); RTU]

Cannibal! The Musical [Troma Team Video; 105m]

ADL: *A singalong story of gold, cannibalism, and a simple man's love for his horse.*

"The film you are about to see was originally released in 1954. Upstaged by the overwhelming popularity of *Oklahoma!*, its short-lived theater run was canceled, and *Cannibal! The Musical* soon fell into obscurity. The original negative, re-discovered just last year, has been painstakingly restored using state of the art color enhancing and computer reconstruction technology. The film's violent scenes have been edited out for your viewing pleasure." This opening claim is hogwash, of course, and the "violent scenes" are intact.

Some wacky splatterpunk with a musical background must not have thought Sweeney Todd cut it, so they decided to do their own man-eating musical, using the real-life exploits of convicted cannibal Alfred Packer as their source material. Thankfully, they pretty much avoided the facts altogether and ran with it, creating what might be the only legitimately *funny* splatter musical.

The musical numbers are unnervingly professional in their staging and ability to emulate those in Hollywood productions, and—God damn it all to hell—some of the tunes are actually quite

*catchy*. The lyrics don't always work, but with lines like "The sky is blue, and all the leaves are green, my heart's as full as a baked potato," you know this is the perfect film for people (myself included) who detest musicals and their vapid, insipid view of reality.

The gore is actually quite sparse, but those splatterpunk with a sense of humor should appreciate it regardless. (There is one scene in particular that will find favor with gorehounds, specifically a spoof that shows just how ridiculous—and pesky—those indestructible, post-Jason maniacs can be.) I suggest you track down a copy of this for your next video party. Trust me... it's worth it.

**Mike says »**

This is easily the best movie I've seen in five years, beating out my last pick of Peter Jackson's *Meet the Feebles* (1990). Loaded with comedy, music, dancing and—of course—gore, what more could a person ask for?

**Death Row Diner (1988)**

Camp Motion Pictures [USA]

DIR: B. Dennis Wood

PRO: Salvatore Richichi

SCR: James Goff, Salvatore Richichi, and Dennis Wood

EFX: Greg Blocker

MUS: Brad Allen and Peter Prince

STR: Michael Antin, Michelle Bauer, Jodi Berkoff, Jon Blatt, Richard Bloom, John Content, Donna Dandini, David, James Goff, James Grizzle, Papa Raphael Gueavaba, Brooke Healey, Alex K., Loh Keem, Dana Lis Mason, Mark Mayers, Dennis Mooney, Rick Preston, Jay Richardson, Salvatore Richichi, Frank Sarcinello, Jr., Frank Sarcinello, Sr., Tom Schell, Chuck Trutnik, Howard Ward, Jr., and Dennis Wood

Approximately 90m; Color [Filmed on videocassette]

AOV: Death Row Diner [Camp Video; 90m]

The Big House, 1948. Otis Wilcox is a man sent to the chair for a crime he didn't commit, and—*even worse*—he's sent to his death without a last meal. As he's pumped full of volts, he screams "I'm hungry" and dies. Forty years later, the prison—now deserted—becomes the setting for a low-budget monster flick. Right on cue, the ghost of the aforementioned prisoner returns (with the help of cheap digital videocam effects) to exact revenge while filling his empty gut.

Oh... did I mention this is also a comedy (or at least I think that was its intentions).

To be blunt, films this bad should be illegalized. (About midway through this dreck I decided to let the tape run its course while I worked on three days worth of dirty dishes. The only thing I

regretted was not letting them pile up a few more days before renting it.) The humor—or what passes as such—relies on mock pulp-style narration, sophomoric TV spoofs, an obnoxious Crocodile Dundee stand-in who says "mate" way too much and sports a swastika (?) tattoo, and the worst Elvis impersonator this side of the King of Rock himself (credited only as a "soundalike", which is still pushing it a wee bit). The gore effects are not only bad, but unnecessarily gratuitous, even as far as "gore-omedies" are concerned. (I'm sorry, but even I feel it's not in a filmmaker's best interest to waste a few gallons of blood on a *strangulation*.)

And by the way, it only got worse after I returned from doing the dishes. (I think the grout in my bathroom is calling me now. .)

**Deathhead Virgin. The (1972)**

GWG/Spectrum [Philippines/USA]

DIR: Norman Foster

PRO: Jock Gaynor and Larry Ward

SCR: Ward Gaynor

DOP: Freddy Condé

EXP: Ben Balatbat and John Garwood

AST: José M. Dagumbay

EFX: Jessie Sto. Domingo

MUS: Richard la Salle

STR: Butch Aquino, Iraida Arabulo, Armando Arce, José M. Dagumbay, Vic Diaz, Delio Dizon, Manny Djoda, Eder Elorriaga, Minda Flores, Jock Gaynor, Laurice Guillen, Tiva Lava, Romeo Mahutol, Marilou Matti, Diane McBain, Olga, Kim Ramos, Soraya, Maita Suason, and Larry Ward

Approximately 94m; Color

AOV: The Deathhead Virgin [Academy Home Entertainment; 94m]

A skin-diving treasure hunter inadvertently lets loose the title creature after discovering a Spanish galleon off the Philippine coast. A medallion he retrieves draws her from her watery grave, and—just in case he didn't have enough problems on his hands—his partner is suddenly stricken by the inclination to scalp pretty young Filipino women. It seems the "virgin" was the last in a long line of princesses that governed a local island

before being invaded by Spanish conquistadors centuries before. Throw in a subplot about a life-insurance policy, and you have another unusually contrived Filipino throwaway that's a hell of a lot more watchable than today's trash.

Highlights include Vic Diaz—an Eddie Romero regular—making a token appearance, and a scene with our skin-diving hero wrestling with a nude, skull-faced cutie armed to the teeth. (Moments

**Deathhead Virgin: The continued**

like this just beg for the adjective of "groovy".) The script comes across a bit better than most, if only because it was actually filmed in English, but other production values—the tacky optical effects employed comes immediately to mind—help balance this out.

Although a little short on gore and the prerequisite sleaze, this is still worth a look if over-seas 70's fodder is your bag.

**Mike says »**

Regardless of what Scott says, the nude woman in a hideous mask doesn't compensate for the continuity problems, cheesy lighting effects, an obviously plastic skeleton, and a pointless cockfight.

Warning: Contains scene/s of animal cruelty.

**Geek Maggot Bingo, or The Freak from Suckweasel Mountain (USA)**

Weirdo Films Inc. [USA]

DIR: Nick Zedd

PRO: Nick Zedd

SCR: Nick Zedd

DOP: Nick Zedd

EXP: Donna Death

ART: Donna Death and Tyler Smith

EFX: Ed French, Tom Laughton, and Tyler Smith [Make-Up]

STR: Robert Andrews, Brenda Bergman, Donna Death, Robert Elkin, Jim Giacama, Richard Hell, Bob Martin, Dean Quagmire, Quasimodo Residue, Tyler Smith, Gumby Spangler, Zacherie, and Bruno Zeus

AKA: Geek Maggot Bingo

Approximately 73m; Color

AOV: Geek Maggot Bingo [Monday/Wednesday/Friday Video Club; 73m]

There's not much in the way of a story, so I'll just throw your way some of the more interesting details (relatively speaking, of course). Zacherie opens this underground pastiche of horror films, doing his best Kurt Cobain impersonation by nodding off during his stint as host. After a painfully long introduction, the story (again, this is all relative) is some such nonsense involving an intentionally cliché-ridden mad scientist (Dr. Frankenberry) who spends more time ranting and raving (spoofing the prerequisite schtick, I assume) than actually working up the gumption to bring something to life. (Maybe if some *wiz* were involved, this would have been effective instead of unwatchable.) On hand to either help out or bungle the proceedings are his sidekicks (Scumbalina and Gecko), vampires, an axe murderer, and the Rawhide Kid (played with as much drug-ridden gusto as punk idol Richard Hell could muster). Frankenberry's patchwork monster—easily the most

interesting of the lot—is an Incredible Two-Headed Transplant-style critter whose one head is a stuffed Mars Attacks! mask.

The sets (and props, for that matter) are mostly cardboard cut-outs (much like the characters), and there's enough scratched celluloid effects to make penny-pinching Al Adamson roll over in his grave. The is predictably lame, and the only thing of real interest is the presence of numerous *real* pickled punks on display.

Don't get me wrong: I like DIY (do it yourself) productions, and I understand Zedd's intentions were to spoof the shortcomings of the horror genre, but that's no excuse for making a nearly unwatchable film. (The problem is that—unlike many of his peers—he hasn't improved much in his twenty-odd years as a filmmaker.)

One character asks "What kind of a ding-ding bogey is *that*?" and I can't help but wonder the same thing about this film.

**Hardcore (1975)**

Production company unknown [USA]

STR: David Brook, Joan Devlin, Justina Lynn, Tony Scott, and John Seeman

AOV: Hardcore [Alpha Blue Archives; 63m]

Further credits currently unavailable.

Insofar, in all of my years looking for films deemed "cruel and unusual punishment" in 48 of the 50 states, this is the first hardcore sex-cum-gore film

I've seen. Excepting, of course, Tinto Brass' Caligula (1980), a film whose hardcore footage was, uh, *inserted* after the fact. What also separates this

**Hardcore continued**

from Brass' big-budget porn classic is that here the two ever popular taboos are married within the same scenes, making for some extremely distasteful viewing.

Hardcore wastes no time in cutting to the quick. A "nymphomaniac w/masochistic tendencies" is admitted to an institution, and before she can finish unpacking her bags, she's caught giving her nurse a tongue-lashing (and vice versa). They stop long enough for the nurse to give her the "get the hell out of here while you can" spiel, but the girl—exhibiting her only act of masochism during the film's running time—stays put, intent on screwing or getting screwed by whoever crosses her path.

Pretty soon, the intentions of the institution are made clear. During what are assumed to be "bad dreams", the new girl is exposed to sadistic orgies put on by the Chief Psychologist (dressed as the devil wearing what looks like a large daisy), and witnesses such atrocities as a woman getting it doggy-style as her head is lopped off by a guillotine. She doesn't fare much better while awake. While her and a nurse are having fun with a vibrator, someone ups the voltage (guess they didn't question as to why it was plugged into an electric generator), electrocuting the nurse. (As smoke is pouring out of her crotch, she screams—rather unconvincingly—"Call my mother! call the doctor! Call the fire department!", and you can't help but wonder if this was supposed to be intentionally funny.)

The film goes from one extreme to another, one minute you'll be forced to endure such scenes as a doctor explicitly raping a corpse in a room that could only be described as an abattoir, and in the next you'll be laughing your ass off. A hallucination

sequence depicting airborne dildos—complete with sparklers—is only one of several ludicrous moments.

Needless to say, the production values of this sleazy wonder are abysmal: chainsaw editing, actors who would have never had a chance doing legit horror films (let alone legit *porn* films), and a microphone boom which has much more stage presence than the aforementioned actors. And if the gore isn't extreme for you, the special effects people decided to keep the set pieces slicked down with more fake cum than is usually required in ten straight hardcore efforts.

Hardcore has to be seen to be believed... but you might want to think twice about it before taking my advice.

**Mike says »**

Hardcore is pure, unadulterated exploitation that gives a whole new meaning to the word "sleaze". (Anything that makes me this ill has gotta' be good.) I think the filmmakers tried to compensate for the poor production values (and monotone acting) with non-stop sex, but it all ends up being distracting regardless.

Scott seems to have glossed over most of the keys scenes, but for some reason he failed to mention a rather funny scene where a man is fucking a mattress, sending feathers flying with every thrust. He also didn't seem to give the psychedelic dream sequences their due. (Neither one of us *still* has any clue as to what the flowered devil mask is all about, though. Or the flying dildo that looks right out of *Flesh Gordon*.) And, of course, the necrophilia is a bonus.

**Horror House on Highway Five (1970s)**

Casey Movies/Vistar International Productions [USA]

DIR: Richard Casey

SCR: Richard Casey

DOP: David Golia and Bill Pope

EXP: John Marsh

ART: Susan Meldonian

MUS: Kraig Grady and Suzanne McDermott

STR: Kathleen Battersby, Michael Castagnolia, Gina Christiansen, Randy Daitch, Steve de Vorkin, S. Eisenstein, Irene F., Robert Gaulin, Susan Leslie, Max Manthey, Richard Meltzer, William Pope, Ronald Reagan, and Paul Therrien

AKA: Horror House on Highway 5

Approximately 90m; Color

AOV: Horror House on Highway 5 [Simtar Entertainment Inc.; 90m]

A "Dr. Mabuse" and his moronic whipping boy assistant (both with a penchant for tarot cards and nazi porn) go around abducting young women for the seemingly sole purpose of ironing their breasts. Meanwhile, a psychopath wearing a Nixon

mask—who may or may not be a German rocket scientist—is killing unwary people with a whip we never see. (Played by an actor going by the probable stage name of "Ronald Reagan" in the credits.) During one scene, the lead sadist is shown reading a

**Horror House on Highway Five continued**

book when suddenly maggots begin falling from nowhere. He runs to tell his sidekick "Look... more bugs. I figured out where they're coming from. They're coming out of my head. The brain parasites... maggots are infesting my mind," to which his friend asks "Does it hurt?" Outside of what I've mentioned, I still don't have a clue as to what the hell is going on here.

This obscure piece of 70's homegrown sludge has just about everything one could possibly ask for: low-rent actors truly befuddled by their own script, dubbing so poor that it brings to mind all those chop socky films I watched as a kid (and this was *filmed* in English, for Chrissakes), stabs of sophomoric tongue-in-cheek humor, a sparse soundtrack (which occasionally breaks the silence with bad 70's garage rock, stock music, and an occasional cheesy synthesizer sound effect, most of which sounds to be transferred from someone's warped record collection), and other Z-grade side effects that makes 70's porn look good in comparison.

Horror House is so disappointed and pointless that it wouldn't surprise me to find out that the filmmakers—*influenced by some really bad dope—*

made it up as they went along; in fact, it could almost qualify as an "anti-movie"... except that it's much more enjoyable than anything Andy Warhol and his pretentious cronies directed in the 60's. (Unfortunately, I have a gut feeling that the filmmakers involved with Horror House called it quits following this illustrious debut, returning to their day jobs shortly thereafter. What a shame.)

**Mike says »**

What? Am I missing something here? Little of this film makes any sense, leaving me with the impression that the filmmakers were on *something* when they made it.

Still, you don't have to be on drugs to enjoy Horror House on Highway Five. (Understand it, maybe, but not enjoy it.) Glaring continuity problems, consistently out-of-synch soundtrack, weird (usually unidentifiable) sound effects, and bad acting abound. Best of all, there is a load of intentional and/or unintentional humor, including a lispng teacher who is not afraid of a little alliteration, a Chelsea Clinton-wannabe in the buff, and a slo-mo foot chase.

**Jack O Lantern (1984)**

Sharan Productions [USA]

DIR: Steve Latshaw

PRO: Steve Latshaw and Patrick Moran

SCR: Patrick Moran

DOP: Maxwell J. Beck

EXP: Fred Olen Ray

ART: Christopher Clark

AST: Susan Fronsoe

EFX: Todd Palmer

EFX: Todd Palmer [Visual]

MUS: Jeffrey Walton

STR: Ron Bernard, John Carradine, Rachel Carter, George Castells, Christina Connell, Mike Conner, Bill Cross, Kerrylyn Dekanski, Gary Doles, Tom Ferda, Tom Ferguson, Bernie Fidello, Helen Keeling, Heidi Kneisl, Kelly Lacy, Ryan Latshaw, Katy Maznicki, Cameron Mitchell, Patrick Moran, Linnea Quigley, Rhonda Riggs, Rick Riggs, Vic Savage, Thor Schwiegrath, Joe Solari, Brinke Stevens, Catherine Walsh, Michael Walsh, Rebecca Wicks, and Dawn Wildsmith

Approximately 90m; Color

AKA: Jack O

AOV: Jack O [Triboro Entertainment; 90m]

Jack the Pumpkin Man is resurrected—conveniently enough—on the night before Halloween by three teenagers goofing around in a forgotten graveyard. After disposing of them, he makes his way to a family who are descendants of the man responsible for his previous demise. (Talk about holding a grudge.) From there on out, it's well-tread territory, especially for low-end independents made by indiscriminate horror fans.

Although filmed (probably on 16mm), Jack O Lantern isn't far above most shot-on-video fare, especially in regards to the acting. There's a lot of cut-rate gore, but—even taking into consideration that all of the murders are committed with a scythe—it's all quite unimaginative. How come I wasn't surprised to find out that Fred Olen Ray had a hand in all of this?

Waste o' time.

**Maldicion de la Bestia - La [The Curse of the Beast] (1975)**

Profilmes [Spain]

DIR: Miguel Iglesias Bonns

SCR: Jacinto Molina Alvarez

DOP: Tomás Pladevall

AST: Francisco Siurana

EFX: Alfredo Segoviano

EFX: Alfredo Segoviano [Make-Up]

MUS: CAM

STR: Eduardo Alcazar, Jacinto Molina Alvarez, Carmen Cervera, José L. Chinchilla, Castillo Escalona, Pepita Ferrer, Indio González, Luis Induñi, Victor Israel, Ann María Mauri, Grace Mills, Veronica Miriel, Juan Oller, Ventura Oller, Salomon, Silvia Solar, Fernando Ulloa, Juan Velilla, and Gil Vidal

AKA: Dans les Griffes du Loup Garou [In the Claws of the Werewolf]

Hall of the Mountain King

Night of the Howling Beast

The Werewolf and the Yeti

Approximately 95m; Color

AOV: Night of the Howling Beast [Super Video Inc.; 87m]

A scientific expedition into the Himalayas confirms the existence of the abominable snowman. Anthropologist Waldemar Daninsky is sent in, and... wait a minute. Having fought nearly every classic movie monster in the book, I don't see where he found the time to get his degree. But hold on... he doesn't become a lycanthrope until a third of the way into the film, meaning we're back to square one *again*. (Much like the Ilsa films, there's little or no continuity between the entries in the series, and that these are no more than different incarnations of the same character.)

Anyway, Daninsky gets separated from his party, but is saved from certain death by a pair of sisters who watch over a sacred cave he just so happens to stumble into. Much to his post-coital chagrin, the siblings have a penchant for human flesh and—under the light of the full moon—get *really* ugly. He, of course, kills them both in self defense, but not before he receives the predictable "love bite". Then he's off to save his friends from a

group of despotic bandits who rape and/or impale just about anyone who pisses them off. Obviously, the Yeti is the least of our angst-ridden hero's worries in this humdinger of an entry.

"El Hombre Lobo" strikes again in what is the eighth entry in this long-running series, and is easily one of the best—and goriest—of the lot. (Just to whet your appetites, one woman is skinned alive, one of the unfortunate party members is impaled from ass to shoulder blade, another is beheaded, etc.) Not only is the gore fairly extreme, but the sex is unexpectedly risqué for even a Naschy film with twice the quota of skin and even some softcore blowjobs. Still, some things don't change. Our favorite lycanthrope still boasts the same tacky make-up effects as he did in every other film, and he is more than eager to rip open someone's face (as well as drool and spit up blood all over the setpieces when time allows for such frivolities).

Now if only the Yeti could have spun off into his own series...

**The Meateater (1978)**

Hollyco [USA]

DIR: Derek Savage

PRO: Richard Tasse

DOP: Fred Aranow

ART: Tim Bloch

AST: Gerald T. Olson

EFX: Steve Neill

STR: Debbie Alsbury, Tony Anthony, Dorothy Bartlett, Dianne Davis, Bob de Journette, Gary Dean, Dorothy Francavilla, Joe Goosen, Lynn Harris, Arch Joboulain, Fran Kay, Tom Kelsey, Joe Marmo, Scott McGinnis, Frankie Montiforte, Richard Nathan, Arlon Ober, Ted Paulson, Emily Spindler, Peter M. Spitzer, Sharon Tarekegn, Lenny Tunes, and Irv Wasserman

Approximately 84m; Color

AOV: The Meateater [Video Treasures; 84m]

ADL: A Tasty Horror Film!

## The Meateater continued

Someone living in the old abandoned Crest Theater has a thing for Jean Harlow, and when he's not watching one of her films, he's busy biting the heads off rats. To everyone's chagrin, a shoe salesman and his family purchase the old movie house, and before you know it they're showing G-rated fare like *Grizzly Safari*. (The narration for said film includes lines like "Grass and twig eaters eventually had to yield to the carnivores... the meat eaters. They had the right of way now, and the food chain grew and grew until it got bigger even than McDonald's".) Since Harlow's nowhere to be found in such pics, our theater-goer from Hell promptly electrocutes the geek projectionist (a *film* geek, not one of the head-biting variety). During the act, the previous owner's desiccated corpse is discovered in a hidden room behind the screen. (Apparently, he had a not wholly unsuccessful try at turning the place into a grindhouse, and, well, Harlow never made any porn flicks so *he* never had a chance either.) Then things get worse. Unfortunately, the new owner's daughter bears (at least in the killer's eyes) a resemblance to—you guessed it—somebody's favorite silent film actress.

To pad out the running time, there's also a spooky old codger who has a bad habit of sneaking up on the owner's wife and looking all gooly-eyed and shit. There's also a very unnecessary "Oscar Meyer Weiner" sing-along, but this is a fairly minor trespass.

Considering the budget, the film is an admirable attempt, despite the stiff acting and interesting lack of gore. (The killing is fairly sparse,

and most of the gore is relegated to one really, *really* disgusting two-story dive—and you thought the old man's eyes stuck out *before* the fall. Everything else is relatively bloodless, except for the rat-geeking which opens the film.) There are some wonderfully creepy setpieces which, I assume, are from a real abandoned theater. The film stock used was probably super 8mm (maybe 16mm, but from my print it's hard to tell), so it's grainy if you like 'em that way. (The title credits have been videoburned—very poorly, I might add—onto the print I viewed, so I'm wondering if it's possibly a retitling. There's also the possibility that *The Meateater* couldn't get a theatrical release, and that it sat in the filmmaker's garage for several years before he decided to release it once video had become commonplace. You tell me.)

Too slow and too few open wounds for most gorehounds, but it should satisfy most trash fiends.

### Mike says »

The tone of this movie is set with the film-within-a-film *Grizzly Safari*, billed as a wholesome family movie. (Never mind the fact it shows animals doing nothing more than killing and mating.)

*The Meateater* suffers from canned sound effects, stiff acting, and a script which depicts a lot of really stupid people doing a lot of really stupid things.

Strange name for a movie, though, where the villain is shown eating meat only once.

## Point of Terror (1971)

Crown International Pictures [USA]

DIR: Alex Nicol

PRO: Peter Carpenter and Chris Marconi

SCR: Ernest A. Charles and Tony Crechales

DOP: Bob Maxwell

MUS: Don Hulette and Don Vincent

STR: Peter Carpenter, Ernest Charles, Dana Diamond, Al Dunlap, Lory Hansen, Tony Kent, Joel Marston, Paula Mitchell, Roberta Robson, Leslie Simms, and Dyanne Thorne

Approximately 88m; Color

AOV: Point of Terror [Neon Video; 88(83)m]

Point of Terror [United Home Video; 88m]

ADL: *Demons long locked in the depths of the mind come out to destroy the weak and believing!*

A Jack Jones-style pop singer croons—and swoons—his way to the top, making his biggest jump to stardom by bedding the wife (buxom Ilse star Dyanne Thorne) of a renowned music publisher. The film trudges along as their affair becomes more serious, something *finally* happening when her husband confronts her about her infidelity. Without doing anything too rash, she promptly drowns her

wheelchair-bound hubby and goes back to balling her young lover; unfortunately, he's having second thoughts by this time.

If you find *any* of this even the least bit intriguing, I suggest you read the synopsis on the back of Neon Video's box instead of renting it, as this describes the entire film scene by scene. (If you *do* have the irresistible urge to waste your money on



**Point of Terror** (continued)

this pointless dreck, be warned that Neon's print is shorn of the first five minutes of the film. This isn't nearly as bad as it sounds when you realize that missing along with the credits is an entire number from Carpenter's embarrassing stage performance. Yes, it's *that* bad.) Knee-deep in melodrama, and brandishing only the most basic elements of an exploitation film, this waste of time is sure to cure even the most despondent insomniacs. (Apparently, Abe Greenberg of Entertainment Today was quoted as saying that Point of Terror is "a super shocker!")

If this is true—and not taken out of context—Abe Greenberg is a moron.) Star Peter Carpenter also starred in Blood Mania (1971), another dreadfully boring effort masquerading as a horror film.

The only Point of Terror is when the viewer realizes they've been had by clever and unscrupulous promoters.

*Mike says »*

No point. No terror. Nothing deserving of the R-rating. Rent at own risk.

**San Francisco Ball** (1972)

Production company unknown [USA]

DIR: Jack Genero

PRO: Jack Genero

SCR: Rick Beaty

DOP: Jack Genero

STR: Julian Ayres, Rick Beaty, Sandra Carson, Commie Claire, Vince Jaffe, Ace Kash, Bob Kish, Joni Piro, and Bruce Walsh

Approximately 51m; Color

AOV: San Francisco Ball [Something Weird Video; 51m; Double-bill w/Teenage Sex Fantasies]

*Further credits currently unavailable. (Some credits from only existing print are unreadable.)*

Not a splatter film, *per se*, but the gory climax described in detail on the back of the video box might just pique the interest of some gorehounds... something I'd rather not do if I can help it.

San Francisco Ball is an ultra-misogynistic softcore flick which culminates with two rapists cutting the shit out of their respective victims while *in flagrante*. The threadbare storyline which leads up to this unconvincing—albeit very disturbing—climax involves a kidnapping scheme, obviously a device cooked up by the filmmaker so as to excuse himself from taking responsibility for the pointless, sexually sadistic proceedings. (Apparently, the director made

other, equally tasteless "sex" films, including Kitty's Pleasure Palace... a film I won't go out of my way to see, but will probably review if someone drops it in my lap like they did with this turkey.)

Trash it may be, but not of the sort I prefer to wallow in, thank you very much. (Mike Accomando of Dreadful Pleasures magazine says "[San Francisco Ball] is about as erotic as skinning a squirrel." I can't help but agree.)

*Mike says »*

Yes... San Francisco Ball is a pointless softcore rape film. With gore, but who cares.

**La Semana del Asesino** [The Wages of a Killer] (1973)

Truchado Films [Spain]

DIR: Eloy de la Iglesia

PRO: Joe Truchado

SCR: Eloy de la Iglesia and Anthony Fos

DOP: Raul Artigot

AST: Louis Gomez

EFX: Baquero

MUS: Fernando Garcia Morcillo

STR: Charlie Bravo, Emma Cohen, Rafael Hernandez, Lola Herrera, Vicky Lagos, Ismael Merio, Vincente Parra, Eusebio Poncela, and Valentin Tornos

AKA: Apartment on the 13th Floor  
The Cannibal Man

Running time unknown; Color

# THE GHASTLY ONE

## THE FILMS OF ANDY MILLIGAN

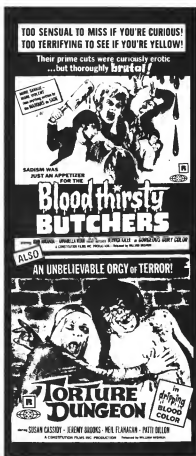
by Scott Stine

Unless one is also into trashy films in general, most splatterpunks who are familiar with Andy Milligan's work find encountering his oeuvre the equivalent of stepping in something rather distasteful. (Even one of my earliest reviews—for a film of his I can't recall—went something like "Another Andy Milligan film? Aaaaaagggghhh!!!", so I know from whence I speak.) Having now seen almost the entirety of his horror-oriented output (and having acquired a taste for trashy films in general over the years), I can now appreciate his films on a level I couldn't before. (If this is purely out of desperation, I haven't the foggiest.)

With a career that spanned four decades, he was personally responsible for a slough of splatter and exploitation films that quite often surpassed their meager budgets. (Of course, this isn't saying much as the budgets for all of his productions prior to the unreleased period piece *The House of the Seven Belles* (1979) never exceeded \$10,000, a sum which even the prolific Herschell Gordon Lewis would have difficulty matching.) As could be expected, they had their faults. In particular of this fact were his horror films, kicked off by the primitive gorefest *The Ghastly Ones* (1968). (He remade this film—without the gore—in 1978 as *Legacy of Blood*... why is anyone's guess.)

Low (sometimes nonexistent) production values aside, Milligan's films tended to be unintentionally anachronistic; his pension for period dress dictated the time periods of many of his films; unfortunately, he was forced to settle with modern architecture, displaced props, and Brooklyn accents as his budgets didn't allow for such historical accuracy. (Shot with synchronized sound, some of his period productions were further marred by such unavoidable happenstances as automobiles passing by when shooting outdoors.)

Up until the mid-70's, all of his films were shot (by himself, of course) on 16mm, and blown up to 35mm for theatrical release. Later films were saved the inherent graininess of the procedure by being shot directly on 35mm, and—despite other inevitable improvements—they still suffered from the limited budgets. Much like H.G. Lewis' pioneering



Only in the 70's could you be so lucky to catch a double-bill like this.



with more lasting impact than what he did. Regardless, his career speaks for someone who was

very dedicated to his work despite its lack of "artistic merit".

## Filmography

### Andy Milligan (1929-1992)

*Note: All splatter-oriented films are preceded by a "⚡", exploitation films with a "Ⓢ". (Groovy, huh?)*

- ⚡ Blood (1973)
- ⚡ Blood Rites see The Ghastly Ones
- ⚡ The Bloodthirsty Butchers (1970)
- ⚡ The Body Beneath (1970)
  - aka The Demon Lover
- ⚡ Carnage (1983)
- ⚡ Curse of the Full Moon
  - see The Rats Are Coming! The Werewolves Are Here!
- Ⓢ The Degenerates (1967)
- ⚡ The Demon Lover see The Body Beneath
- Ⓢ The Depraved (1967)
- ⚡ Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Blood (1971)
  - aka The Man with Two Heads
- ⚡ Dungeon of Death see Torture Dungeon
- Ⓢ The Filthy Five (1968)
- Ⓢ Fleshpot on 42nd Street (1971)
- ⚡ The Ghastly Ones (1968)
  - aka Blood Rites
- ⚡ Gnu, the Mad Monk (1970)
- Ⓢ Gutter Trash (1969)
- Ⓢ The House of the Seven Belles (1979-Unreleased)
- Ⓢ Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me (1968)
- ⚡ Legacy of Blood (1978)
  - aka Legacy of Horror
- ⚡ Legacy of Horror see Legacy of Blood
- Ⓢ Liz (1963)\*
  - aka The Promiscuous Sex
- ⚡ The Man with Two Heads see Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Blood
- Ⓢ Menage (Date unknown-Unreleased)
- ⚡ Monstrosity (1991-Unreleased)
- Ⓢ The Naked Temptress see The Naked Witch
- Ⓢ The Naked Witch (1964)\*\*
  - aka The Naked Temptress
- Ⓢ Nightbirds (1970-Unreleased)
- Ⓢ The Promiscuous Sex see Liz
- ⚡ The Rats Are Coming! The Werewolves Are Here! (1972)\*\*
  - aka Curse of the Full Moon (1972)
- Ⓢ Seeds (1968)
- ⚡ Surgikill (Date unknown-Unreleased)
- ⚡ Torture Dungeon (1969)
  - aka Dungeon of Death
- Ⓢ Tricks of the Trade (1968)
- Ⓢ Vapors (1965)
- ⚡ The Weirdo (1988)



*Filmography* continued...

\* Originally released as *Liz* in 1963, this film was rereleased with additional sex inserts as *The Promiscuous Sex* the same year.

\*\* Originally released as *The Naked Witch* in 1964, this film was rereleased with additional sex inserts as *The Naked Temptress* the same year.

\*\*\* Originally filmed (but unreleased) as *Curse of the Full Moon*, this production was released with an additional twenty-five minutes of (unrelated) footage in an effort to pad out the shy running time while cashing in on the success of *Willard* (1971).



## Up From the Depths

Continued from page 2

understandably elated—although this find did little to lift the spirits of the driver.) That was two weeks ago, and I haven't heard from him since, save for a single call saying that he'd had little luck on his own.

If life were a film script:

The scene opens with the camera focused on a TV screen, black save for the tell-tale dropouts of a used rental tape. A copyright infringement warning begins to scroll down the screen, white letters on a light blue backdrop. The video company's logo flashes onscreen, as does the MPAA's authorized PG rating. The credits kick in, announcing that Rudy Ray Moore is... *The Avenging Godfather!* Really awful 70's disco/funk pummels the viewer as the camera pans 180° to the right, over a tower of precariously stacked videos, past a framed one-sheet for *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*, and finally settling on the sad, disheveled heap once known as Mr. Schemel slouched in a worn armchair. His eyes are glazed over, skin unnaturally pale. He begins convulsing, the toxicity of too many bad movies stripping his nerves. The phone rings. Startled, he drops his remote. He looks desperately towards the answering machine, unable to move, as his partner leaves a muddled message. ("Mr. Schemel, this is Mr. Stine somethingssomethingssomething give me a call when you get a chance somethingssomething," followed by an announcement that sounds suspiciously like "John Ashley is god!")

The camera cuts back to the TV screen, a scene of Mr. Moore—sporting gold chains and sequined bellbottoms—wriggling his way down a gauntlet of impressed onlookers. He rolls his eyes in the best tradition of a raving drag queen, and the crowd goes wild.

The camera cuts back to Mr. Schemel, tears spotting his cheeks. The remote—and the phone—are now out of his limited reach. He tries to scream, but the poison has completely overtaken his nervous system. He will go down in history as the first person to commit suicide by self-inflicted video toxicity, complicated by a celluloid-induced brain hemorrhage.

Okay, so maybe he is made of tougher stuff than this. One day I'm sure he'll be scraping calluses off his ornery hide, too. (Misery is company; why else would I drag someone else into this miserable... oh, I forgot. He's helping to foot the bills. Maybe I *should* hop on a bus and see how he's doing... he still has my copy of *Avenging Disco Godfather*, so...)

Toodles,

*Scott Stine*

His Royal Lowness,  
Scott Stine

*The following is a new Editorial:*

I should have learned by now *not* to write an introduction until shortly before whatever I'm working on goes to press. The reason as to why I had to rewrite this editorial? Let's just say that small press publishers

are more apt to be affected by the laws of chaos than larger, more established ones. We practically finance our products hand to mouth, so publishing dates in themselves become tenuous ventures. Since contributors who are willing to work for a pittance are scarce (and rarely reliable when they do offer their talents, we (the publisher/editor) quite often end up doing most of the work ourselves (from the creative to the business end). This can be tough when you're trying to work around a day job. And all it takes is one unexpected event and — Whammo! — one's bi-annual publication becomes an annual affair. Self-publishing *sucks*, but for many of us, it's our only option.

Anyway, anyone familiar with **PAINFUL EXCURSIONS** (now **CIEMI**! Yes... **CIEMI**!) will notice—to and behold—a new format. I'd like to say it's an attempt to improve on the previous layout (which, ultimately, it is), but I'd be fibbing as the cost of the tabloid format which we previously utilized has went up substantially, forcing to look for other venues. Now, it's the standard comic book size... 'cause it's cheap.

New readers probably don't give a shit about such trivial matters, so I'll cut to the quick for their sakes.

**CIEMI** picks up where **PAINFUL EXCURSIONS** left off (hence the odd numbering). Part of the reason for a name change is—as I mentioned in the abandoned introduction—that I thought the new moniker better defined the focus of the magazine. (Yes... **CIEMI**! Quit looking at me like that: I like it and that's all that matters. Nyah.) The other reason being that I wanted to reserve the more serious moniker of **PAINFUL EXCURSIONS** for a new magazine I plan on publishing later this year. It's focus will be on non-exploitive horror and surrealism, with leanings more towards art and literature, as opposed to primarily film. (Earlier in **PAINFUL EXCURSIONS**, I had tried—and failed—to cover the field of horror as a whole, but found that—even though my tastes ran the entire gamut of the broad genre—hardly anyone else's did. What I have essentially done is broken the polar extremes of "art & entertainment" into two sister publications. Obviously, the stuff herein ain't so profound.)

Anyway, space has become a valuable commodity in these pages, so I'll shut my trap and let you get on with the magazine. Enjoy.

Until next time (whenever *that* may be),

*Scott Stine*

The Grand Inquisitor,  
Scott Stine

Postscript: Almost forgot... we've got a new hand on deck. (Another unwary soul who has no clue as to what he's getting into, and whose fate has been sealed by the fact that he and I have made an oath to sit through *Avenging Disco Godfather* in its entirety, with *no* fast-forwarding. Obviously, he's as brain damaged as yours truly.) His name is Mike Sherman, and the man screams (quite literally) "abuse me", so don't be shy about directing all of your hate mail to him. (He likes it. Really.) For the first time ever I've allowed someone else to follow up my Video Vault reviews with their own moot opinions; don't worry, you don't have to take what "Mike says" very seriously. (He's begging for the whip even as I write this, so I better get going...)

## GUEST EDITORIAL:

by Mike Sherman

*My name is Mike. Will you be my friend? Please?*

Scott's Charity Case,

*Mike Sherman*

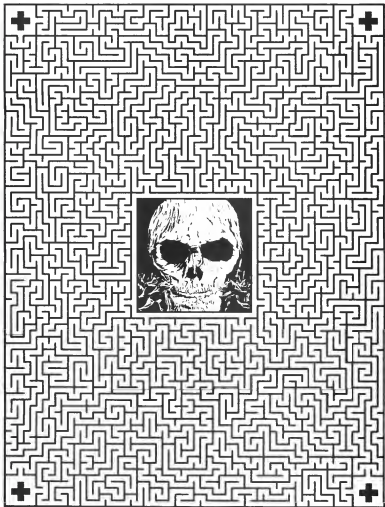
Mike Sherman, 4/97



# El Laberinto de las Muerte Ciego

by Scott Stine

Okay, folks—this time around you're one of the unfortunate villagers trapped in the city square during a raid by the undead Templars. They've blocked all means of escape save one, and it's up to you find your way out to one of the four possible exits. Note: This maze is most effective if attempted while watching Amando de Ossorio Rodriguez's *El Ataque de los Muertos Sin Ojos* [The Attack of the Blind Dead] (1973), the film which inspired it.



# HOW TO MAKE A KICK-ASS HORROR FILM

(or—More Accurately—How to Make a Horror Film that *Won't* Fast-Forward Through)

by Scott Stine

Film is a disposable culture unto itself. Rarely are they geared (especially in the good ol' US of A) to be something other than a cheap form of escapism for the masses. (Granted, "cheap" is a relative term; you can't go wrong with an hour and a half's worth of home video entertainment for 99¢, whereas actually going out to the theater—where nothing good is shown anyway nowadays—might be just a few bucks short of a down payment on a new house... but I digress.) Hollywood—and, yes, even independent filmmakers—think they know exactly what the public wants, so they stick to the current trends while adhering to their trusty formulas. (Homegrown films are inclined to act similarly, not because *they're* afraid to take chances, but because they are the public, and are misled to believe that they know what they want too.) So, being of such wisdom, I have taken time out here to share with you a lifetime of accrued knowledge, acquired while watching—nay... *dissecting*—scads of the shittiest films imaginable. Obviously, my intentions are not entirely altruistic, as one less crappy film made means one less crappy film I have to suffer through, so listen up.

As you will notice, this list of guidelines are a bit on the informal side; if anything, it is little more than a compilation of random notes (which, as I've alluded to, I compiled after watching a whole slough of really, *really* bad films. Luckily, I had the good sense to use some free video rental coupons on the selfsame pignop which inspired this piece). As the disclaimer to *It's a Wonderful Life* exclaims, I have written this article "in the hope that these heinous crimes will never occur again".

The ten commandments these ain't, folks... this stuff actually *matters*. (Keep in mind that most of these rules apply to exploitation fare in general, but this list is skewed towards horror films... particularly the type of trash that **CIEM** wastes most of its time on.)

## 1. DO NOT KILL OFF CHARACTERS NOBODY CARES ABOUT.

Seeing maniacs and monsters slicing and dicing and/or chewing up yuppies, rednecks, rockers and the like quickly loses its misanthropic appeal, and without the viewer feeling even the slightest bit of empathy or sympathy for the victims, the proceedings become quickly tiring. Here's the trick: create characters with which the projected audience can relate to (film geeks, comic book fans, and other socially inept types seem to work best I notice), spend a good half an hour or so defining his desires, ambitions, motivations, whatever, *then* proceed with the slicing and dicing and/or chewing up. Better yet, kill off the lead character mid-way through the film.

(It worked for Alfred Hitchcock in *Psycho*, didn't it?) If the viewer relates at all to the character, he will be hopefully traumatized—or at least unsettled—by this rather unexpected turn of events. Suddenly, the movie isn't nearly as fun anymore. (Sure, the viewer might show disdain and contempt for the film and/or filmmakers involved, but they will be hard pressed to forget it. This, I'm sure you will agree, is a fate much more favorable than being forgotten amidst the glut of teen slaughterfests that indisputably gave slasher films a bad name.)

Of course, there are always exceptions, for example...

## 2. KILL OFF YOUNG CHILDREN AT EACH AND EVERY OPPORTUNITY.

(This is an amendment to Rule #1.) Yes, they're usually pretty damn obnoxious too, but people still tend to foster the idea that they are "innocent", creating an unwritten taboo that few filmmakers wish to transgress. Of course, being a horror filmmaker, you can use this to your advantage; killing off the little toddlers grounds your

film in reality, and creates an uneasy tension that convinces the viewer that no one is safe from whatever horrors you've dreamed up for them.

Besides—unlike yuppies, rednecks, and rockers—I never tire of seeing the little tikes get, well, sliced and diced and/or chewed up.

And speaking of rockers...

## 3. ROCK CULTURE AND HORROR FILMS DO NOT MIX.

It's okay to use rock music on a soundtrack *if used sparingly*. (Dario Argento has had some

success with this, despite his knack for overkill.) Do not, I repeat, *do not*, under any and all circum-



stances, show or depict anything even remotely relating to rock videos, live rock performances, rock musicians and/or rockers in general (If it can't be avoided, *rewrite the goddamn script!* Why? Watch Black Roses, Blood Tracks, Monster Dog, Rock 'N' Roll Nightmare, Rocktober Blood,

Slaughterhouse Rock, Slumber Party Massacre 2 and 3, and Trick or Treat, and maybe you'll get a *fucking clue!*)

I'm okay now Really I am (I'm sorry I had a Jon Miki-Thor flashback, and, you know.)

By the way...

#### 4. PUNK ROCK AND HORROR FILMS DON'T MIX EITHER

Of course, it's for slightly different reasons than the ones given in rule #3. Punk rock (or as we purists prefer, the "hardcore scene") continues to be depicted as a cartoon caricature of what it was in the late 70's. Not only can I not remember the last time I saw a pink mohawk at a "punk" concert, I have yet to see the make-up entrenched KISS-wannabe's that seem to be the spokespersons for the scene depicted in many a bad horror film. (Such inanities like New Year's Evil comes immediately to mind; filmmakers and actors only embarrass themselves further by using metalheads, glam-rockers, and punks interchangeably, both in music and fashion--or what passes as such.) Having been weaned on this music-cum-socio-political mindset from a relatively young age, I am inarguably biased. Although I won't fail to point out its shortcomings, I am duly inclined to come to its defense when I feel the need, and I have yet to encounter much in the way of the snot-nosed

cardboard cut-outs once prevalent in third-rate B-films. This type of representation is no different than the cinematic generalizations once put on women, minorities, and homosexuals. (Okay, so maybe everybody--regardless of sex, race, religion, or sexual predilection--are stereotyped to some degree in films even today, but "punks" still get the shaft time and again. Most of this can be traced back to that damn Quincy episode; this sixty minute diatribe against the horrors of punk rock is not dissimilar to the witch trials of Salem... only a tad more subtle.)

And if you even *think* of using the pop-derived term of "punker" in my presence, I won't hesitate to wipe my nose on your shirt sleeve, or perform some other antisocial act of irreverence to your person or property. (Hold on a goddamn minute... where's my electric blue hair dye and safety pin earrings? Christ, I know they're here somewhere...)

#### 5. UNLESS YOU CAN PUT A NEW SPIN OR SLANT ON IT, AVOID VAMPIRES ALTOGETHER

These pesky bloodsuckers have been defined, redefined, and overtly romanticized so much in the last two decades that nobody gives a flying fuck anymore, save fashion-conscious goth-rockers and Anne Rice fans (There's those damn rock motifs again...) Vampires have ceased to be scary, having become little more than cartoon caricatures of what they once were. And as far as romanticizing these ailing parasites, Barnabas Collins was the first, last, and only successful attempt at doing so, and even he lost his appeal after only five seasons. It's all been done, and no amount of angst or blood transfusions can save them at this point in time. And I'm very sorry, but the whole vampires-as-rockers thing is not very profound to anyone but pathetic

fifteen year olds who equate the whole genre with teenage angst, relating to them much in the same way they do the X-Men. Originality? What was the last truly innovative vampire film you've seen? Martin? Vampyres, Daughters of Dracula? Wake up, people... nobody's made a good vampire flick in *twenty fuckin' years*.

Of course, the thing that keeps them going is not the horror aspects, *per se*, but the masked sexuality it offers our repressed society. The inherent rape motif crucial to vampire flicks is exploited far more now than it once was by filmmakers... and we know how everyone involved likes their naughty bits, now don't we?

Speaking of naughty bits...

#### 6. NEVER INCLUDE OBLIGATORY SEX SCENES..

Make them an *integral* part of the movie. For the most part, sex and/or nudity in horror films are used as A: filler, and/or B: a titillating distraction from the lack of merits the film has to offer. The film in question might attract little more than flies, but throw in a heaping amount of flesh, and the bulk of your audience (sexually repressed geeks who are *maybe* a few notches above Trekkies)

will find themselves unable to tear themselves away from the screen. If it's integral to the storyline, great, I'll back you up every step of the way, but I have a tendency to fast-forward over the more gratuitous nonsense. (Are all of these shower scenes *really* necessary?) It's a *horror* film, for chrissakes, if I wanted to see sex, I'd skip the fluff and go rent a goddamn porn flick.

Now, if it's gratuitous *necrophilia*, that's a different matter altogether. (Besides, how could

anyone consider *necrophilia gratuitous*? Beats me...) And while we're on the subject of stiffs...

### 7. DON'T FILM ON VIDEOCASSETTE.

It looks icky and I don't like it. If you don't want to spend money on such frivolities, then maybe you shouldn't even bother to make a film in the first place. If you actually have something worth

committing to celluloid, but can't afford to go that route, at least save up enough money to "film-look" your product. Then maybe I'll be your friend. *Maybe.*

### 8. IGNORE THE UNWRITTEN LAW THAT SAYS MOVIES MUST BE 'APPROXIMATELY 90 MINUTES'.

Even if it squeaks by at just over an hour, don't use filler just to make it more "accessible"; save that for when you're producing mainstream dreck so I don't have to sit through unnecessary dia-

logue or exposition, gratuitous shower scenes, travelogue photography or other recycled footage. The old adage "more is not always better" should not be taken lightly, at least in this case.

### 9. COME UP WITH A NAME FOR YOUR FILM THAT HAS ABSOLUTELY, POSITIVELY NEVER GRACED THE FRONT OF A MARQUEE OR VIDEO SLEEVE.

If you have even the slightest doubt as to its originality, scrap it, or—at the very least—tack on a string of cool adjectives or prepositional phrases. (Of course, if your film qualifies as something besides Z-grade schlock, this approach could work to its disadvantage.) Usually, if someone asks me to rattle off the names of films that spark my interest, I rarely bring up those outings which I actually consider good and worthy of distinction. Without hesitation, I instead recall such inimitable "classics" as *Three on a Meathook*, *The Corpse Grinders*, *Scream of the Mutilated*, *I Spit on Your Grave*, *Make Them Die Slowly*, and—of course—the two wonders which take polar (but irrefutably effective) approaches to moniker making: *Snuff* and *The Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living and Became Mixed-Up Zombies*. (Some reports—erroneously, I presume—insert "Crazy" between "Became" and "Mixed-Up", as if it wasn't already a mouthful of a title.)

As I alluded to earlier, most of these films can only claim to be "so-bad-they're-great", but it's not as much fun bringing up actually *good* genre films as *Halloween*, *Dawn and Day of the Dead*, or

*Alien*, if only because of the title. (The *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* would have been an exception had cinematic hipsters not over-evoked it to show they were "in the know" about drive-in cinema.) Words to avoid: blood, bloody, cannibal, curse, dead, deadly, death, demon, devil, horror, kill, killer, murder, Satan, terror, twisted, and zombie. "Don't..." titles are also a no-no, unless you're talented enough to make an everyday occurrence sound sinister. (Don't Clean Out the Refrigerator? Don't Come Out of the Closet? Sheesh... I hope you can do better than me.) Any title which connotes your film to be a possible sequel—even if it isn't—should also be avoided at all costs. ("Return" is grounds enough to shun a film in my book, even if I know it to stand alone. *Return to Horror High*, *Return of the Living Dead*, et al. hasn't done much to change my opinion of such films, either. *Return of the Alien's Deadly Spawn* is the only such flick I own, but this is a retitling so it doesn't count.) And—as any good horror fan should know by now—never, ever use a moniker that alludes to a holiday or a day of the week. The reasons for this are many and self evident. (They've all been done, for starters.)

### 10. DON'T TRY TO SAVE FACE WITH A CRUMMY FILM BY MAKING IT A COMEDY.

If you know your film is going to turn out shoddy, keep a straight face throughout regardless of your doubts. Films "so-bad-they're-great" were all sincere attempts whose humor was unintentional; the "our film is so bad it's destined for cult classic status" syndrome common to homegrown films (and even some independents) guarantees it an early demise. Low-rent films where the humor is actually an integral part of the film succeeds because of this,

and because the film and/or filmmakers have some chops to back it up. (*Re-Animator*, *Basket Case*, and *Street Trash* all come immediately to mind. Despite their faults—and faults they do have—they don't pander to idiots or patronize the genre.)

If you want to put out another silly gore-comedy in the hopes that the guffaws will cover up the cheap latex seams and sophomoric scriptwriting, be my guest, but the last thing I want to do is waste

my hard earned money on another Re-Animator Academy or Death Row Diner. I remember the names of filmmakers involved, especially when I just

spent an hour and a half wading through a load of self-deprecating horse pucky. And on a similar, aforementioned note...

### 11. DON'T LABEL YOUR FILM A "CULT CLASSIC" PREMATURELY.

Not only do hardcore aficionados like myself ignore this sometimes prominent tagline, we usually find it to be anathema. Films should stand the test of time for at least ten, fifteen years before making such claims. (There are always exceptions--Nekromantik and Henry--Portrait of a Serial Killer are two such examples I can think of--but

these films make a definite impact on the viewer despite the hype.) Of course, some video distributors in our mudst recycling old B-films have a tendency to slap the label of "cult classic" on any old piece of junk they've failed to market legitimately, if at first you don't succeed, pander to a trash fiend's prurient interests.

### 12. INVEST IN LOTS OF FAKE BLOOD

This is of utmost importance to a horror film. Even some of the best of Hollywood's high-tech special effects *still* look rubbery; splash on a bucket or two of the red stuff, though, and even the worst prosthetics become palatable. (Using leftover offal from butcher shops works wonders as well, but being an animal rights activist I can't very well condone this... just don't tell me it's pig gut, all right?.)

Most filmmakers who started out at the bottom probably realize the importance of fake blood... but, apparently, so does the MPAA. As films

get progressively tamer, they also tend to lose their "realism"; i.e. the flaws become that much more apparent. And of course the sanitized results make the aforementioned witchhunters quite happy. (No wonder horror films and its ilk continue to be relegated to the cinematic trash heap with other, less artistic endeavors; emasculated of any and all realism--or what passes as such on the silver screen--who can take this shit seriously?)

And speaking of bio-degradable special effects...

### 13. ANIMAL CRUELTY OR SCENES OF REAL-LIFE BUTCHERY IS A NO-NO

I don't give a rat's ass if you happen to see the profundity in butchering a rabbit onscreen, thinking it will "ground your film in reality" or some such hogwash (sorry, Jörg), it's still a film. Geeking can drag even the most artistic and well-meaning

films into the gutter with all that pseudo-mondo trash that shares shelf space with Faces of Death and its inbred ilk. Besides, it's not nice. Especially for the animals involved.

And while we're on the subject of cruelty...

### 14. NO ROCKERS

Have I already mentioned this?

Okay, for the moment I'm spent. I'm sure once this goes to press I'll remember all of the *really* important points I wished I would have stressed, but these should do for the time being. (Besides, I don't want to overwhelm the poor reader. If you recognize this list as a perfectly viable agenda, then I assume you've watched just as much of this dung as I have; hence, your short term memory--along with God knows what else--may be permanently impaired. Again, I can sympathize.)

So now you've got all of the know-how you'll need to direct a great horror film. Of course, you'll now have to learn how to use a camera. And it would probably be best to learn how to write a script, unless you're really, *really* good at winging it. I'd also suggest you start being particularly nice to friends, relatives, and acquaintances, as you're going to be needing actors who are willing to work for nothing. So now... how much money you got? You better start saving your aluminum cans; if the production costs don't do you in, those pesky post-production costs will. And... ah, fuck it. Maybe you should just settle with writing "how-to" manuals instead.



**La Semana del Asesino continued**

AOV: The Cannibal Man [Redemption Video (PAL); RTU; Letterboxed]

An initially homophobic slaughterhouse worker bludgeons a taxi driver to death after a skirmish where he refused to pay his tab. His girlfriend promises to leave him unless he goes to the police, so he strangles her. He tells his brother about the murders, and he goes down for the count as well. Then, his brother's fiancée comes calling... not a smart move on her part. Then his brother's fiancée's father, and, well... pretty soon he's run out of room under his bed, so he starts stacking the putrefying corpses like cord wood on top of the mattress. A neighbor who has a crush on our local butcher has been witnessing the murders through his apartment window (Our killer doesn't seem to pay any mind to the fact he has a skylight, or that there's a condominium only a stone's throw away.) Of course, the lovestruck voyeur uses this knowledge to his advantage, at least for a while.

Although *La Semana del Asesino* tries desperately to be more than an exploitation film, it's much too shallow to succeed on any other level. The

killer's motives are vague, and the reasons behind his psychological decline unclear. (He doesn't exhibit the traits of a "typical" serial killer, and his desensitization to the violence he commits seems somehow linked to the slaughterhouse for which he works.) On top of all of this, homosexuality is looked upon as deviant behavior, surpassed in its abnormality only by the killer's own loathsome habits.

Technically, the film has some flare, although it is often marred by an extremely inappropriate jazzy soundtrack. The gore is particular brutal, despite some cuts made by British censors to Redemption's print. The biggest crime made in connection with this film, though, is the erroneous English title; *The Cannibal Man* is a completely misleading moniker as—sigh—there is not even a hint of cannibalism.

Worth a look, especially if you're in the mood for some vintage Spanish gore.

Warning: Contains slaughterhouse footage.

**Sometimes Aunt Martha Does Dreadful Things (1970)**

Paragon Films [USA]

DIR: Thomas Casey

PRO: Thomas Casey

SCR: Thomas Casey

DOP: H. Edmund Gibson

EXP: Eva Barnett

ART: Paul Moore

AST: Chris Martel

STR: Victor Anchipolovsky, Joseph Bracci, Marty Cordova, Don Craig, Terry Craig, Rita Dagovitz, Robert de Mco, Pat Erle, Brad F. Grnter, Charlie Guanci, Robert Halstead, Robin Hughes, Scott Lawrence, Sandra Lurie, Robert Mann, Yanka Mann, Larry May, Mike Mingola, Nannette Mongillo, Robert L. Ruvero, Harry Rose, Francella Waterbury, John Wilson, Maggie Wood, Thomas Wood, and Abe Zwick

Approximately 95m, Color

AOV: Sometimes Aunt Martha Does Dreadful Things [Active Home Video, 95m]

ADL: *She just isn't herself these days!*

Aunt Martha is actually Paul, a sadistic cigar-chomping jewel thief who is laying low after a big heist. Stanley—his hippy-dippy, infantile boyfriend—likes to tease his lover-cum-cohort in crime by dating women. (Of course, when it comes to actually having sex with them, he becomes a sobbing mess screaming for his Aunt Martha.) Paul, though, continues to have the upper hand in their bent relationship ("bent" not because they're homosexuals, but bent because they're just plain *bugfucked*); he has convinced poor Stanley that he

is prone to homicidal rages while under the influence, pinning several murders on his young friend. They spend most of their time fighting over Stanley's lack of etiquette, and continue to do so even after an astrology-touting junkie moves in, wanting a piece of the action.

The film opens with a wonderfully tacky intro, garishly tinted stills accompanied by classical music. The soundtrack quickly disposes of any pretensions and adapts the quasi-jazz sounds common to made-for-TV films from the 70's. In fact,

**Sometimes Aunt Martha Does Dreadful Things continued**

there isn't anything *not* dated about this film: hookahs, topless go-go dancing, fuzzed out guitars, and a bunch of go-nowhere actors who say "groovy" more often than I do. (Ouch!) The primitive (and, unfortunately, scarce) gore scenes are handled with tact; each murder is depicted using rose-tinted negatives and strobe light editing, making them wonders to behold despite the restrained bloodshed. (Unfortunately, a post-mortem cesarean done with a kitchen knife is handled offscreen, otherwise this might have been a scene worthy of a footnote in film history.)

If you usually like wading through 70's trash, some of the names of the cast and crew may tip you off as to the type of film you can expect here. Such "esteemed" names include supporting actor Brad F. Grinter, better known as the director of the ultimate triple threat *Flesh Feast* (1970), *Devil Rider!* (1971) and *Blood Freak* (1971), and production manager/2nd unit director Harry E. Kerwin, director of such trash horrors as *God's Bloody Acre* (1975), as well as other less memorable fare. With names like these littering the credits, how can you go right?

**Spawn of the Slithis (1977)**

Fahtrax Films [USA]

DIR: Stephen Traxler

PRO: Paul Fabian and Stephen Traxler

SCR: Stephen Traxler

DOP: Robert Caramico

EXP: Dick Davis

ART: Catherine Deeter

AST: Judy Bring and Dave Peltzer

MUS: Steve Zuckerman

STR: Mello Alexandria, Alan Blanchard, Prudie Butler, Dale Caldwell, Dave Carlton, J.C. Claire, Gregory Clemmons, Daphne Cohen, Abraham Columbus, Win Condict, Don Cummins, Drew Deeter, Gary Dyer, Alisa Estes, Dennis Lee Falt, Ed Fournier, Rocky Fumarelli, Marcus Harvey, John Hatfield, Stephen J. Hoag, Michael Hudson, Jack Kelly, Hy Pyke, Wendy Rastattar, David Ridenour, Ken Stimson, and Alejandro Vass.

AKA: *Slithis*

Approximately 86m; Color

AOV: *Slithis* [Media Home Entertainment; 86m]

ADL: *Hell hath no fury... like Slithis.*

A nuclear leak cooks up a hulked-out Creature from the Black Lagoon clone that would never make it as poster boy for *The Vegetarian Times*. Before viewers have the opportunity to reach for the fast forward button on their remote, our testy little friend has went from killing stray dogs to ripping apart the residents of Venice, CA... for many of whom it doesn't seem to be much of a stretch. Of course, nobody believes the poor souls in the film who've actually *seen* the creature, so it's their duty as concerned citizens to nip the problem in the bud before he actually goes after someone who matters.

The script is awful, and the editing during the action sequences is handled with about as much adeptness as if the *Slithis* had done the work himself.

There are only two death scenes an hour into the film, but the red stuff finally kicks in, offering the splatterpunks some nasty, after-the-fact gore. (Unfortunately, quite a bit of the "red stuff" is nothing more than smeared red paint; it worked for H.G. Lewis, so why the hell not?) The high point—of course—is the monster himself, a groovy pre-Humanoids from the Deep-style denizen who has the excusable habit of biting off more than he can chew.

Throw in lots of disposable shocks, a slough of low-rent actors trying—and often failing—to keep a straight face throughout the laughable proceedings, and the most neurotic police chief that ever graced a feature film, and you have my recommendation.

**La Sindrome di Stendhal (The Stendhal Syndrome) (1976)**

Cine 2000/Medusa Film [Italy]

DIR: Dario Argento

PRO: Dario Argento and Giuseppe Colombo

SCR: Dario Argento

[Based on the novel *The Stendhal Syndrome* by Graziella Magherini]

DOP: Giuseppe Rotunno

# La Sindrome di Stendhal continued

AST: Nicolò Bongiorno, Fabrizio Campanella, Filippo Macelloni, and Daniele Persica  
 EFX: Giovanni Corridori & Co.  
 EFX: Franco Casagni [Make-Up]  
 EFX: Sergio Stivaletti [Visual]  
 MUS: Ennio Morricone  
 STR: Asia Argento, Elena Bermani, Paolo Bonacelli, Luca Camilletti, Lorenzo Crespi, Marna del Monaco, Luigi Diberti, Franco Diogene, Leonardo Ferrantini, Monica Fiorentini, Vera Gemma, Sandro Giordano, Michele Kaplan, Thomas Kretschmann, Julien Lambroschini, Veronica Lazar, Marco Leonardi, Diano Mario, Antonio Marziantonio, Cinzia Monreale, Antonello Murru, Maria Grazia Nazzari, Maximilian Nisi, John Pedicelli, Laura Piattella, John Quentin, Lucia Stara, Giancarlo Teodori, Sonia Topazio, Vincenzo Uccellini, and Eleonora Vizzini

Approximately 119m; Color

AOV: The Stendhal Syndrome [Columbia Video (Laser); 119m; Letterboxed]

Everything Argento has made since (but not including) *Opera* (1987) has been extremely disappointing... and, sadly, Italy's premiere splatter-punk *still* has yet to break this string of bad luck. His half of *Two Evil Eyes* (1990) was a misfire despite its sincerity, and *Trauma* (1992) was—how can I put this delicately?—just plain awful as be all but threw away his signature style. *La Sindrome di Stendhal* is a step back in the right direction—and even has a few truly inspired moments—but its hit and miss physiognomy will still make his fans pine for the salad days of his long-spanning career.

Having rarely strayed from the well-tread giallo formulas, Argento once again exploits the staples of the genre so that he is given free reign to purge his own haunted psyche. The beauty of the kill still remains the thematic linchpin of his work; the brutality which he depicts has yet to wane, but his methods have lost whatever edge they once had, reducing his more recent works to that of simple slasher fare. The pretensions he has based his work on has always been questionable, but never have they been so painfully obvious.

The *Sindrome di Stendhal* fails not only on the lack of certain elements, but on the introduction of new ones as well. Although Argento has usually had to rely—and use to his advantage—very primitive effects, here he has made the fatal mistake of employing the use of computer-generated imaging. Not having the money (or experienced CGI

artists) with which to pull this off, the low-rent effects are a severe detriment to the work, especially since most of them are unnecessary to begin with.

Also on hand to knock it down a couple of more notches is a bad case of miscasting. Argento's own daughter—having improved much since her leading debut a few years before in *Trauma*—is given a role (as a cop) that should have been offered to someone much older and much more experienced than herself. (To give credit where credit's due, she *does* make a good hysteric, but being Argento's daughter, I'm not surprised. Just kidding, Dario.) Her limitations are made more obvious by the quintessential Argento script—complex and certainly fascinating, but contrived and accompanied by stilted dialogue. His blurring of the lines between fantasy and reality and its ill effects on the heroine work, but the transference he introduces in the second half of the film falls flat on its face. And although the film is meant—apparently—to explore the psychological damage that can be inflicted by the act of rape, you can't help but wonder if this is just another thinly-veiled plot device.

Having went in with high hopes—his previous two films, after all, weren't produced in Italy like most of his outings, but in the US with foreign cast and crews, whereas *The Sindrome di Stendhal* was made on more familiar grounds—I probably should give this another, more open-minded viewing. But, sad to say, I'm not in any rush.

## Suito Homet (Sweet Home) (1988)

[Japan]

DIR: Kiyoshi Kurosawa

EXP: Juzo Itami

EFX: Dick Smith [Make-Up]

STR: Juzo Itami, Nobuko Miyamoto, Nokko, and Shingo Yamashiro

Running time unknown; Color

AOV: Suito Homet [Video company unknown; RTU, Japanese language edition; Letterboxed]

*Further credits currently unavailable.*

## Suito Homu continued

Sorry about the sparse credits, but the only print I've come across is a Japanese import without the benefit of English translations (save for the few I've included) or subtitles.

Not knowing a lick of Japanese, I'll do my best to relate the proceedings, so here goes nothing. A news crew decides to investigate an old abandoned house (probably haunted). Their initial discovery is an ornate mural which—for reasons unknown—seems to scare the bejezus out of them. Following their find, one of the crew members become possessed and then wastes no time in unearthing the corpse of a half-burnt baby (shown earlier in the mural). If that isn't weird enough, the house then coughs up a demonic shadow whose touch ignites whatever it comes in contact with. As could be expected, this Japanese variation of *The Legend of Hell House* offers up a onslaught of paranormal nastiness with which to besiege the uninvited guests.

The photography is quite nice, exhibiting the same plush atmosphere common to better Japanese horror films of the last two decades. (Blame

that on the influence of Argento and his ilk on their culture.) The visual effects are better than most as well, and there is enough unrestrained grace to interest most splatterpunks. As for the actual script, well, I can't tell you much except I doubt it is anything exceptional as *Suito Homu* is apparently based on a popular video game in Japan. (Ads for it immediately precede the film.)

Worthwhile if this is your bag.

*Mike says »*

Normally I have trouble sitting through foreign films that are not dubbed or subtitled, but this was an exception. This was a great movie from start to finish. Not only did it have a good plot and cast, it was both scary *and* gory. (And, like many Asian horror films, there was some humor thrown in for good measure.) I probably would have enjoyed it more had I been able to understand the dialogue, but it's worth seeing regardless.

## Things (1993)

Sterling Entertainment [USA]

DIR: Dennis Devine, Eugene James, and Jay Woelfel

PRO: David Sterling

SCR: Mike Bowler, Dennis Devine, Steve Jarvis, and Jay Woelfel

DOP: Craig Incardone

ART: Ann Friday

AST: David Parker

EFX: Michael Tristano [Make-Up]

MUS: RB, Michael Barrow, and Jay Woelfel

STR: Jeff Burr, Ann Christensen, Kelly-Jean Dammeyer, Neil Delama, Bob Frey, Trey Garris, Chris Haber, Majken Harden, Jesse Hernandez, Kinder Hunt, Courtney Lercara, Maegen, Judith Montgomery, Kathleen O'Donnell, Olivia, Scott Pierce, Deborah Stevens, Donna Stocker, and Michael Tristano

Approximately 85m; Color [Filmed on videocassette]

AOV: Things [Vista Street Entertainment, 85m]

ADL: *Creatures created by the evil of men!*

This shot-on-video (albeit film-looked) anthology consists of two short stories and an unimaginative wraparound sequence which were obviously contrived to maximize the sex quotient, granted *some* room is left for the obligatory violence. (It is a *horror* film, after all, people. C'mon...) The single names of several of the cast members (Maegen, Olivia, etc.) should tip you off to the fact that the film was probably made by a couple of guys who wanted to exploit their stripper girlfriends and their silicone attributes.

Anyway, the first segment, "The Box", involves a group of prostitutes who buy an old theater in Hicksville, USA with the idea of converting it into a brothel. A toothy rubber turd kept in a box is used to dispatch the girls, their

Madame, a john, and even the poor soul who sold them the joint in the first place. The man behind this clean-up is the mayor, a morally upstanding official who apparently has nothing better to do than to do his job, albeit a little *too* efficiently. ("I wear a hat 'cause I own the box," he takes the time to clarify. Yah, whatever you say, pops.) Parasite meets the Moral Majority, but less interesting.

The second segment, "The Thing in the Jar" (I see a theme forming here, do you?) is better only because it's a hell of a lot gorier than the first. An abused wife suffering from grisly nightmares seeks help from a friend who convinces her to skip town. Before she can cash in her ticket, she is killed by her double-crossing friend and adulterous hubby, but she gets revenge. How? Her identifiable remains

### Things continued

(eyes, teeth, hands) are burned with acid and buried in a glass clown head. When he unearths them a year later—surprise!—insta-monster. (The EC-style shock ending which follows is even more ludicrous. Bill Gaines is rolling over in his grave about now...)

Along with what can be expected from a backyard production such as this, the film also suffers from inept sound editing (background noise

cuts off abruptly to make way for the inserted sound effects, so bad they're also worth mentioning) and a pretentious script. (Apparently, one of the screenwriters took Philosophy 101 and mistakenly believed he actually *learned* something, thus giving all of the characters extended monologues expounding on second-rate profundities.)

Strictly for fans of *Dracula* magazine.

### Zoltan... Hound of Dracula (1977)

VIG Productions [USA]

DIR: Albert Band

PRO: Albert Band and Frank Ray Perilli

SCR: Frank Ray Perilli

[Based on the novel *Hounds of Dracula* by Ken Johnson]

DOP: Bruce Logan

EXP: Philip Collins

ART: P.F.O.M.

AST: Ralph Barris

EFX: Stan Winston [Make-Up]

MUS: Andrew Beiling

STR: Jimmy Bow, Libbie Chase, Darlene Craviotta, Jojo d'Amore, Jackie Drake, Dominic Ferlan, Al Ferrara, Jose Ferrer, Catherine Fitzpatrick, Chris George, Tom Gerrard, Cleo Harrington, Merryl Jay, John Kirby, Dwight Krizman, Joan Leone, John Levin, Dmitri Logothetis, Sally Marr, Arlene Martell, Gordon McGill, Bob Miller, Carl Morrison, Reggie Nalder, Roger Pancake, Michael Pataki, Lou Schumacher, Roger Schumacher, and Jan Shutan

AKA: *Dracula's Dog*

*Dracula's Vampire Dogs*

Approximately 88m; Color

AOV: *Dracula's Vampire Dogs* [Classic Cinema Entertainment, 85m]

*Zoltan... Hound of Dracula* [Congress Video, 85m]

*Zoltan... Hound of Dracula* [Thorn EMI Video, 85m]

ADL: *There's more to the legend than meets... the throat!*

"Like all first rate vampire movies, the film begins in deepest Transylvania. Dracula's long dead servant is brought back to life again when Russian soldiers inadvertently discover the Count's tomb. He is determined to ensure that the noble Dracula name is carried on, so he travels with his dog Zoltan to Los Angeles to track down the last member of the Dracula clan, Michael Drake. However, when Zoltan is sent to bite the sleeping man, Michael's alsatians drive the hound away."

And so the video box says. It's difficult to imagine how many of the actors involved kept a straight face throughout production. With mild gore, a laughable plot, and "first rate" productions (first rate only if you have about fifty grand to make a film with), *Zoltan... Hound of Dracula* is a real stinker no matter how much Lysol you use. (And, yes, the Stan Winston was responsible for the effects... mostly affixing vampire teeth to the star pooches, from what I can see. And *you* thought *Aliens* ensured his Hollywood career, you silly person.)

I don't know; there's something profoundly ludicrous about people staking frisky doggies with glowing eyes and obviously dubbed, man-made growls. (And you thought the made-for-TV *Devil Dog--The Hound of Hell* (1976) was *bad*.)

God, I love this film.

(Be wary: Congress' video release is—hands down—the worst case of EP duplication I've ever come across—less than 1/4" of tape on a 2.5" reel. I'm afraid to watch it a third time—yes, I bought it new—because I doubt it would survive such abuse.)

### Mike says »

This is easily one of the better vampire flicks if only because the star villain is a dog. (It would have been better if they would've scrapped most of the story dealing with the pseudo-vampire servant trying to resurrect Dracula's lineage and focused more on Zoltan.) Cool special effects (glowing eyes, *really* long fangs—because of which



the dogs are unable to close their mouths and drool a lot, etc.) and sound effects (mostly canned barking, although Zoltan sounds suspiciously like Godzilla at times)

Zoltan. What a cool name

Warning. Contains scene/s of animal cruelty. (Okay, ~~okay~~ only if embarrassing an animal in front of a camera can be deemed inhumane will these charges stick. Granted, America's Funniest Home Videos gets away with it, but that's the least of their crimes.)



Hey, fledgling filmmakers... I want to see your stuff. (Okay, not particularly, but I'll feign as much interest as I can muster.) Send me pre-records of any of your films and/or lists of other films you've been involved with. I can't afford to do much more than rent videos during "3 for 2" specials, and—as you probably know—most rental outfits don't carry much in the way of homegrown fare. Sure, I'll probably trash your films in print (one of the many perils of being artistically inclined), especially filmed-on-video, one-day wonders, but—hey!—it's free advertising. (As they say, "any press is good press".) Be sure to include ordering information for our readers in case a masochistic streak hits them and they become inclined to actually shell out some money for your pathetic endeavors. If I see your film without actually having to rent it, I will probably be more inclined to give it a more flattering review. (It could mean the difference between "low-rent amateurish cow pucky" and "far from professional, but shows promise".) I don't sell out often, so here's your chance to take advantage of my lack of funds.) I'll even send a complimentary copy or two of GICK! to anyone who sends me a film I don't fast-forward through most of the way. (Fine print here: I fast-forward through more films than I care to admit, but I'll probably still send you the magazines just because I'm so damn kindhearted. Besides, I want to soften the blow of a lousy review with *something*.)



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# HAVE YOU SEEN THIS FILM?

by Scott Stine

Well, it seems no one has even heard of Satan's Sluts (1974) aka *The Devil's Concubines*, whose ad art I included in last issue's column. I can accept this, but someone reading this has to be able to shed some light on the Spanish sleaze flick *The Icebox Murders*. (A production date, the original Spanish title, and an original running time would be most appreciated.) There's gotta' be a Jack Taylor fan out there somewhere who can help me out.

Also, as one can see from *The Video Vault* this issue, I am in need of *any* information regarding the recently unearthed *Hardcore*, the few credits I do have I got from David Naylor, curator of Alpha Blue Archives, (the selfsame video company responsible for allowing this outrageous obscenity to once again see the light of day)

It seems the only real response I received from last issue was in regards to the want list I included at the end of this section. (Thanks goes out to those who were able to help me out with some of these elusive titles. I hope you were as pleased as I was with the trades.) Again, if you have copies of any of the following films, let me know and we'll work out a trade copy for copy. Titles of interest are: *Magdalena--Vom Teufel Besessen* (1974), *Malatesta's Carnival* (1973), *Man of Violence* (1971), *La Mano Che Nutre la Morte* (1974), *Mas Alla del Terror* (1979), *La Maschera del Demonio II* (1990), *Meat Cleaver Massacre* (1977) *Il Medaglione Insanguinato* (1974), *Metempsycho* (1963), *Miami Golem* (1985), *Mo Tai [Devil Fetus]* (1983), *Morirai a Mezzanotte* (1986), *La Morte Sorride all'Assassino* (1971), *Mosquito der Schander* (1976), *Lo Muerta Esopora* (1972), *Les Muertrieres* (1983), *My Brother Has Bad Dreams* (1977), *My Lovely Burnt Brother and His*

## THE DEVIL'S CONCUBINES

*Their's was a hellspawned lust for blood...*



*...rivaled  
only by their  
hellspawned  
lust for flesh!*

*Starring Deborah Hall Directed by Tommy Wolf Sanger*  
A Piffness International Productions, Inc. release

(X) Adults Only

*Squashed Brain* (1988), *The New House on the Left* (1977), *Night Caller* (1987) *Nocturnal Demon* (1991), *Non Si Sevizia un Paperino* (1972), *La Notte dei Diavoli* (1972), *Notti Erotiche dei Morti Viventi* (1980), and *Nude per l'Assassino* (1975). (I'll have more next issue.) Drop me a line (and your want list) to GICKI, P.O. Box 2592, Everett, WA 98203-0592. Again, it's a hell of a lot cheaper than a grainy, fourth-generation bootleg.

## NEXT ISSUE:

Should I really bother with giving the dirt on the next issue? Tallying up last issue's hits I have two-count 'em, two-film reviews which I made good on. The remainder of the titles listed got snubbed or bumped, as did both articles (the Peter Walker retrospective and the coverage on swamp monster flicks) and the follow-up to "Homemade Horrors". (Not a very good score by anyone's standards.) I don't have the space to go into details why none of those made it, but rest assured they *will* be in future issues. Eventually.

What I can guarantee you is a slough of film reviews for a lot of really, *really* lousy films (and maybe a few good ones) including (drum roll please) *Avenging Disco Godfather!* (Okay, okay... it's not a horror film, but it does have some gore, and it easily qualifies as one of the best "so-bad-it's-great" wonders of 70's cinema. Trust me on this one, alright? I've finally forgiven my friend Lorren for selling it to me.)

See you (God willing) in six months.



**PUBLICATIONS continued...**

**SP103 Lethologica** Volume One, Number One (5½" x 8½"; 24 pages) *Second Printing* \$3  
This magazine showcases fiction and poetry from local talents on the cutting edge. Contributors include Reginald Bloom, Terry Fitro, Eric Fleming, T. Andrew Wahl, and Post-Mortem Pre-Op.

**SP104 Painful Excursions** Volume One, Number Ten (11¼" x 17¼"; 24 pages) \$2  
*Painful Excursions* has finally taken a stab at the big time with a new tabloid format and national distribution. Articles include "Snuff--The Making of an Urban Legend" and "Homemade Horror--The World of Trashy Fanzines". Also included is a filmography of the late exploitation great Al Adamson, new columns, and--of course--reviews, reviews, and more reviews of the stankiest films imaginable.

**SP105 Lethologica** Volume One, Number Two (5½" x 8½"; 24 pages) \$3  
The second issue of this well-received literary magazine continues to showcase the best of local talent. Contributors include Reginald Bloom, Terry Fitro, Jack Ives, Post-Mortem Pre-Op, and Andrew T. Wahl.

**SP106 GICK!** Volume One, Number Zero (7" x 10¾"; 32 pages) \$3  
(Also *Painful Excursions* Volume One, Number Eleven.) Having shitcanned the original title, the journal of horror, splatter and exploitation films is back paving the way for, yes, *another new-improved* format. With more reviews, a retrospective on Andy Milligan, and the wonderfully informative article "How to Make a Kick-Ass Horror Film".

**SPECIAL PUBLICATIONS**

**SP201 Ethylinsideout** by Reginald Bloom (8½" x 11"; 80 pages) \$10  
While waiting for a bite from a *real* publisher, the author has decided to publish a limited proof edition of his first novel, available only until it has been accepted by another publisher, or until we have exhausted the print run of a hundred copies. Signed by the author, and bound in a somewhat flimsy binder.

Also available from **STIGMA PRESS**

**Darkseed & Other Defamations** Number One (6½" x 10¾"; 32 pages) Boneyard Press \$3  
This comic book from 1993 collects most of the theretofore published and unpublished comic strips by the now-defunct Psycho Climax Studios (Andrew Wahl and Scott Stine). Out of print and long unavailable from mass market outlets. (Ask about bulk discounts if interested.)

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# WHO'S THAT WOMAN WITH HITLER?



I know! I know! It's that lady from Alex Nicol's painfully dull *Point of Terror* (1971). (See *The Video Vault*) (Okay... so maybe it should have read "Who's That Geek with Ilsa?" He's not even in the film for Chrissakes.)

*A "retouched" ad mat for Ilsa, She-Wolf of the SS (1972) with Dyanne Thorne all decked out in her Sunday best.*